This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

39875

3987. f. 275
4(2)

THE CLASS AND STANDARD SERIES

OF

READING BOOKS

ADAPTED TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE REVISED CODE.

BY

CHARLES BILTON, B.A.

BOOK IV.

(STANDARD IV.)

SECOND PART.

SPECIAL LESSONS FOR BOYS.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1870.

STANDARD IV.

Requirements of the Revised Code.

Reading.—A short paragraph from a more advanced reading-book used in the school.

Writing.—A sentence slowly dictated once, by a few words at a time, from the same book, but not from the paragraph read.

Arithmetic.—A sum in compound rules (money).

BILTON'S SERIES OF ELEMENTARY READING-BOOKS.

Revised Editions of the *following may be had:*—

THE INFANT PRIMER for School and Home use in Teaching Reading, price THREEPENCE, sewed, or FOURPENCE, cloth; comprising short Easy Lessons, exemplifying Monosyllabic Words in common use classified according to sound.

THE FIRST READING-BOOK, price FOURPENCE, adapted for use by the First Standard of the Revised Code; consisting of Lessons and Narratives in Monosyllables only.

THE SECOND READING-BOOK, price SIXPENCE, adapted for use by the Second Standard; composed mainly of Prose Lessons in Words of One and Two Syllables, interspersed with a few Easy Pieces of Poetry.

THE THIRD READING-BOOK, price NINEPENCE, adapted for use by Standard III. is kept on sale divided *or* arranged as follows:—

BOOK THE THIRD, BOYS' EDITION, price NINEPENCE: or, PART I. *Easy Lessons for Children*, price SIXPENCE; PART II. *Special Lessons for Young* BOYS, price SIXPENCE.

BOOK THE THIRD, GIRLS' EDITION, price NINEPENCE: or, PART I. *Easy Lessons for Children* (the same as above), price SIXPENCE; PART II. *Special Lessons for* 'GIRLS,' price SIXPENCE.

THE FOURTH BOOK, adapted for use by Standard IV. and comprising Lessons of a somewhat more advanced character than those in the Third Reading-Book, arranged as follows:—

BOOK THE FOURTH, BOYS' EDITION, with Woodcuts, price 1*s.* PART I. *Progressive Lessons in Easy English*, price 8*d.*; PART II. *Special Reading Lessons for* BOYS, price 8*d.*

BOOK THE FOURTH, GIRLS' EDITION, with Woodcuts. PART I. *Progressive Lessons in Easy English* (the same as above), price 8*d.*; PART II. (*nearly ready*) *Special Reading Lessons for* 'GIRLS.'

BOOK THE FIFTH, price 1*s.* 3*d.* cloth, or in TWO PARTS, price NINEPENCE each, a POETICAL READER, suitable for all classes of Schools, comprising Selections from the Works of the best English Poets, and Lessons on the Seasons, Birds, Flowers, &c. illustrated by appropriate Poetical Extracts.

REPETITION AND READING-BOOK, for Pupil Teachers, Middle and Upper Schools. With Preface by Rev. W. CAMPBELL, M.A., one of H. M. Inspectors of Schools. Crown 8vo. price 2*s.* 6*d.*

London: LONGMANS and CO. Paternoster Row.

CONTENTS.

PART SECOND.

	PAGE
Whang, the Miller (*Goldsmith*)	105
Indoor Games (*Editor*)	108
The Savings Bank (*Editor*)	111
Perseverance; or, Bruce and the Spider (*Eliza Cook*)	113
Money and Coin	115
Exchanges	118
Commerce	119
The Quaker's Gift (*British Workman*)	120
What a Wise Saying may do (*Chatterbox*)	123
Eyes and no Eyes (*Evenings at Home*)	125
Eyes and no Eyes—*concluded*	129
The Shepherd and his Dog Rover (*Bloomfield*)	134
Greedy Godfrey (*Old Humphrey's 'Fireside Tales'*)	135
The Orange Boy (*Mrs. Marcet*)	138
The Orange Boy—*concluded*	143
The Kingfisher (*Editor*)	148
The Fox and the Crow (*Smart*)	150
Curious Tom (*Child's Companion*)	151
Pigeons (*Editor*)	153
Pigeons—*continued*	156
The Sailor's Story	160
The Juvenile Clockmaker (*British Juvenile*)	162
The Sparrow (*Editor*)	166
The Colonists (*Evenings at Home*)	170
The Song Thrush (*Editor*)	175
Ho! Breakers on the Weather Bow (*Swain*)	178
It is better to Work than to Beg (*Chatterbox*)	179
The Farmer's Tale (*Old Humphrey's Rural Rambles*)	181
Flying and Swimming (*Evenings at Home*)	185
Casabianca (*Mrs. Hemans*)	187
Anecdotes of Robert Bruce (*Scott*)	189
Ships (*Editor*)	194
Ships—*continued*	197
The Weaver's Song (*Barry Cornwall*)	200

PART SECOND.

WHANG, THE MILLER.

WHANG, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people were talking of a rich man in company, Whang would say, 'I know him very well; he and I have long been acquainted; he and I are intimate.' But if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of making many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but though these were small, they were certain; while his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would, at intervals, count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet, still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. 'Here am I,' says he, 'toiling and moiling from morning to night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh that I could dream like him! with what pleasure would I dig round the pan; how slily would I carry it home; not even my wife should see me; and then, oh the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!'

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy; he became less attentive to his business, he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed an immense pan of gold and diamonds,

buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its truth. His wishes in this also were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone with a mattock in his hand to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turned up a house-tile quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to a broad flat stone, but so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it. 'Here,' cried he in raptures to himself, 'here it is! under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must at once go home to my wife, tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up.' Away, therefore, he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of his good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion may easily be imagined; she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum. Returning, therefore, together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found —not indeed the expected treasure—but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen!

INDOOR GAMES.

For real downright thorough enjoyment, there is nothing to beat a good out-door game, don't you think so? There is such fun at 'Rounders,' 'Prisoner's Base,' or 'Cricket.' But in winter, during the long evenings, indoor games are not to be despised, especially at Christmas time, and on birth-days.

There is a capital game of this kind—well known to many boys—the game of Proverbs. One of the party (suppose William) is requested to go out of the room, and not to listen, while the rest of the company choose a common proverb. When this is done, the absent member returns, and asks any questions he pleases of each of the players, whose reply must contain one word of the proverb. The first answer must supply the first word of the proverb, the second answer the second, and so on, until all the words of the proverb have been given.

Suppose, for instance, the party select, 'A penny saved is a penny gained.' William comes in, and asks the first boy, 'Do you like this game?' and receives for reply, 'Very much; I think it is *a* very amusing one.' He proceeds to number two, and enquires, 'What are you going to do to-morrow?' and the answer is, 'I am thinking of planting some seeds in my garden; I have bought a *penny* packet for that purpose.' He asks number three, 'Will you please tell me the time?' and number three replies, 'I have not yet got a watch; but when I have *saved* enough money, I intend to buy one,' and so on. The answer should always be a sensible one.

The following are some well-known proverbs suitable for this game:—

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
A stitch in time saves nine.
A place for everything, and everything in its place.
Birds of a feather flock together.
Bend the twig and bend the tree.
Before you marry, be sure of a house wherein to tarry.
Empty vessels give most sound.
Enough is as good as a feast.
Forgive and forget.
He that hath a trade hath an estate.
He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.
Industry is the parent of Fortune.
Idle folks work hardest.
It is not all gold that glitters.
Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you.
Lay up for a rainy day.
Learning is better than house or land.
Little strokes fell great oaks.
Little leaks sink great ships.
Look before you leap.
Make hay while the sun shines.
No pains, no gains.
One good turn deserves another.
Out of debt, out of danger.
Still waters run deep.
The last straw breaks the horse's back.
Think before you act.
Time and tide wait for no man.
'Tis a long lane that has no turning.
Where there is a will there is a way.

When the proverb is finished, if the questioner fails to

guess it, he must pay a forfeit, or go out again until he is more successful.

Another capital indoor game is '*How? When? and Where?*' William goes out of the room, and during his absence the company agree upon a word—the name of any person, place, or thing. Let us suppose they have chosen 'Lock.' William returns, and asks the three questions, and from the replies he gets he is expected to guess the word. He begins and asks number one the first question, '*How* do you like it?' Number one replies, 'Very strong,' thinking of the lock of the door.

Number two answers, 'Brown, smooth, silky, and curled,' thinking of a lock of hair.

Number three says, 'Sometimes open and sometimes closed,' referring to the 'lock' on the river. As soon as he has gone the round of the company in this way, and each has replied in the most puzzling manner possible, if William is unable to guess the word, he proceeds with the second question, '*When* do you like it,' receiving such replies as 'When thieves are about;' 'When no one is at home;' 'When travelling in a steamer;' 'When it is taken out of paper, and properly brushed,' &c.

In like manner the third question, '*Where* do you like it?' would be replied to, 'On a river,' 'On the side of the head,' 'On a door,' 'On a money-box.'

When properly played, this game exercises the ingenuity of the players, and if the replies are cleverly given, it is enjoyed all the more, both by those who join in it, and by parents and friends who look on and listen.

There are many other indoor games which afford plenty of amusement. Every boy has enjoyed himself at 'Jack of all Trades,' 'Blind Man's Buff,' 'Hunt the

Slipper,' 'Puzzles,' and 'Riddles;' and those who are old enough will say that nothing beats 'Draughts' or 'Chess.' But to tell you of all the indoor games would fill a large volume.

THE SAVINGS BANK.

JAMES PATTERSON had sixpence given to him. 'What shall I do with it?' said he to himself. 'I can buy lots of apples and sweets to be sure! but when they are all eaten I shall have nothing left. I know what I will do. I will put it into a bank, for I have heard my father say that money put there gains more.'

As soon as his father came home from his work, James asked him which was the best bank to put money in.

'The Post Office Savings Bank, to be sure,' replied his father. 'When anybody places money in that bank, it is really lending it to the Government, who make use of it, and pay something for the loan of it. That is how money put into a bank is said to gain more.'

'Do you mean that we take the money to the place where letters are posted? Is it put into the box, father?'

'No, my boy; you must take it inside, and pay it to some one appointed to receive all such payments.'

'Then I'll go and take my sixpence there this very day.'

'But you can't put in less than a shilling. So you will have to wait until you get another sixpence.'

'How am I to get another, father?' asked James. 'I am afraid I shall have to wait a long time,' and his countenance fell.

'You must earn one. I will tell you how. If you will keep our little garden clear of weeds, I will give you twopence weekly for so doing.'

'That I will, very gladly,' answered James. James did his work, and so in three weeks he had earned his other sixpence. A proud boy he was when he had taken and paid his shilling to the Post Office Savings Bank.

Two or three days afterwards he received a letter stating that his money was all right, and had been entered on the books at the head bank.

James now never missed an opportunity of earning a few pence, in order to add to his savings. He ran errands for the neighbours, he cleaned the windows of the small grocer's shop, and performed many other odd jobs, for which he was paid. A certain portion of the money he got in this way was put into the bank. The remainder he either gave to his mother, or kept as pocket money to buy any little thing he wanted. He was not a mean or a miserly lad—far from it. Often and often did he spend a penny or twopence in apples or nuts, which he always shared with his companions.

Nevertheless, by always making a point of saving so much out of his gains, he found, when the cold winter came, he was rich enough to buy himself a jacket, a warm thick dress as a present to his mother, and that he still had a sovereign left in the bank. Just think how happy he was when he saw his mother warmly clad out of his savings, which might otherwise have been spent uselessly!

When James Patterson grew up to be a man, he continued to put by part of his earnings. He was a clever workman, and therefore earned good wages. He worked on and on, until he became himself a master, and em-

ployed men to work for him. Still he added to his store in the bank, until at last he became a rich man, and lived in a large house with a fine garden. He was never weary of doing good to others, and performing works of charity and kindness. He took every opportunity to impress upon young lads the benefit they would derive from laying by their money instead of spending it in a foolish manner; and many a shilling has he given to boys with which to make a beginning. I hope you will follow his example.

PERSEVERANCE; OR, BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down,
In a lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but could not succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be,
And after a while he pondered there,
'I'll give it up,' cried he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropped,
With its silken cobweb clew;
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavour;
But down it came with a slipping sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay,
To make the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower; and there it lay
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And travelled a half yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below;
But up it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

'Sure,' said the king, 'that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time.'

But up the insect went once more;
Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door;
Oh, say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into the wished-for spot.

'Bravo, bravo!' the king cried out;
'All honour to those who try:
The spider up there defied despair;
He conquered, and why should not I?'

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed all you who read,
And beware of saying 'I can't;'
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want.

MONEY AND COIN.

WHAT a useful thing is money! If there were no such thing as money we should be much at a loss to get anything we might want. The shoemaker, for instance, who might want bread, and meat, and beer for his family, would have nothing to give in exchange but shoes. He must, therefore, go to the baker, and offer him a pair of shoes for as much bread as they were worth; and the same if he went to the butcher, and the brewer. The baker, however, might happen not to want shoes just then, but might want a hat; and so the shoemaker must find out some hatter who wanted shoes, and get a hat from him, and then exchange the hat with the baker for bread. All this would be very troublesome; but, by the use of money, the trouble is saved. Anyone who has money may get for it just what he may chance to want. What

time and trouble it must have cost men to exchange one thing for another before money was in use!

Why should people part with their goods in exchange for little bits of silver, or gold, or copper? If you ask a man why he does so, he will tell you it is because he finds that, when he has these little bits of stamped metal, which are called coins, every one is willing to sell him what he wants for them. The baker will let him have bread, or the tailor clothes, and so on with all the rest. Then if you ask him why the baker and tailor are willing to do this, he will tell you that it is because they also can buy with the same coins what they want from the shoemaker, the butcher, or any other person.

But how could this use of coin first begin? How could men first agree all of them to be ready to part with food, and cloth, and working tools, and everything else in exchange for little bits of gold and silver which no one makes any use of, except to part with them again for something else? And why should not pebbles, or bits of wood, serve as well as coins? Some people fancy that coins pass as money, and are valued, because they are stamped according to law with the king's head and other marks. But this is not so; for if a piece of money were made of copper, and stamped, and called a shilling you would never get the same quantity of bread for it as you do for a silver shilling. The law might oblige you to call a bit of copper a shilling; but the name could not make it of any greater value. You would have to pay three or four of these copper shillings for a penny loaf; so that it is not the law, nor the stamp, that makes gold and silver coins so valuable.

If you were to melt down several shillings into a lump of silver, you might get from the silversmith very nearly

as much for it as for the shillings themselves; and the same with gold coins; for silver and gold are valued, whether they are in coins, or in spoons, or in rings, or in any other kind of ornament. And copper also, though not so precious as these, is still of value, whether in pence, or in kettles and pans. People would never have thought of making coin, either of gold, or of any other metal, if these had been of no value before.

Among some nations, several other things are used for money instead of coins. There are some tribes of negroes, who are very fond of a kind of pretty little shells called *cowries*, which their women string for necklaces; and these shells serve them as money. For about sixty of them you may buy enough provisions for one day. There are other parts of Africa where pieces of cotton cloth, all of the same kind and of the same size, are used as money; that is, these pieces of cloth are taken in exchange for all kinds of goods, by persons who do not mean to wear the cloth themselves, but to pay it away again in exchange for something else. But none of these things are so convenient as coins of silver and other metals. These are not liable to break; and they also take up but little room in proportion to their value. This is especially the case with gold and silver; for copper money is useful for small payments, but would be very inconvenient for large ones. The price of a horse or a cow, in copper, would be a heavy load; but a man might easily carry in his pockets the price of twenty horses, if paid in gold. A bank note is still more convenient in this respect; but though it is often called paper money, it is not really money, but only a promise to pay money. No one would give anything for a bank note, if he did not believe that the banker is ready to pay gold or silver for

it to any one who should present it to him. But as long as men are sure of this, they receive the bank note instead of money, because they may get money for it whenever they please.

EXCHANGES.

But why should not every man make what he wants for himself, instead of going to his neighbours to buy it? Go into the shoemaker's shop and ask him why he does not make tables and chairs for himself, and hats and coats, and everything else which he wants; he will tell you that he must have a complete set of joiner's tools to make one chair properly—the same tools as would serve to make hundreds of chairs. Then, if he were also to make the tools himself, and the nails, he would need a smith's forge, and an anvil, and hammers; and, after all, it would cost him great labour to make what would be very clumsy tools and chairs, because he has not been used to that kind of work. It is, therefore, less trouble to him to make shoes that he can sell for as much as will buy a dozen chairs, than it would be to make one chair for himself. To the joiner, again, it would be just as great a loss to attempt to make shoes for himself; and so it is with the tailor and the hatter, and all other trades. It is best for all that each should work in his own way, and supply his neighbours, while they, in their turn, supply him.

But there are some rude nations who have very little of this kind of exchange. Every man among them builds himself a cabin, and makes clothes for himself, and a canoe to go a-fishing in, and a fishing-rod and

hooks and lines, and also darts, and a bow and arrows for hunting, besides tilling a little land perhaps. Such people are all much worse off than the poor among us. Their clothing is nothing more than coarse mats or raw hides; their cabins are no better than pig-sties; their canoes are only hollow trees, or baskets made of bark, and all their tools are clumsy. When every man does everything for himself, everything is badly done; and a few hundreds of these savages will be half-starved in a country which would maintain ten times as many thousands of us in much greater comfort.

COMMERCE.

THERE is also much useful exchange among different nations; this we call Commerce. All countries will not produce the same things; but, by means of exchange, each country may enjoy all the produce of all others. Cotton would not grow here, except in a hot-house; it grows in the fields in America, but the Americans cannot spin and weave it so cheaply as we can, because we have more skill and better machines. It answers best, therefore, for them to send us the cotton wool, and they take in exchange part of the cotton made into cloth, as well as other articles which we make better than they do; and thus both we and they are best supplied. Tea, again, comes from China, and sugar from the West Indies. Neither of them could be raised here without a hot-house; no more can oranges, which come from Portugal. But we get all these things in exchange for knives, and scissors, and cloth, which we can make much better and cheaper than the Chinese, West Indians, or

Portuguese; and so both parties are better off than if they made everything at home.

How useful water is for commerce! The sea seems to keep different countries separate; but, for the purpose of commerce, it rather brings them together. Ships sail across the sea; the winds are the horses which carry the ship along, and they cost us nothing but to spread a sail. Then, too, the ship moves easily, because it floats on the water, instead of dragging on the ground like a waggon. For this reason we have canals in many places, for the purpose of bringing goods by water. One or two horses can easily draw a barge along a canal with a load which twice as many could not move if it were on the ground.

What folly, as well as sin, it is for different nations to be jealous of one another, instead of trading together peaceably, by which all would be richer and better off. But the best gifts of God are given in vain to those who are perverse.

THE QUAKER'S GIFT.

An able American writer tells the following instructive fact:—

When he was a youth, his father said to him one day:

'Levi, can you make up your mind to live at home and be a farmer?'

'I would rather be a *tanner* than a farmer,' replied Levi.

'Very well,' responded his father, who was willing to let Levi follow his own tastes, as he was now seventeen years old; 'very well, my son, I will try and find a place for you.'

Very shortly a place was found for Master Levi with

a good Quaker. When the youth presented himself at the tannery, the honest Quaker said:—

'Levi, if thou art a good lad I will do well by thee; if not, I will send thee home again. All the bargain I will make with thee is, that thou shalt do as well by me as I do by thee.'

'Very well, sir,' said Levi; 'I will try to do my best.'

Levi now went to work with hearty good will. He worked hard, read his Bible, was steady, honest, and good-natured. The Quaker liked him. He liked the Quaker. The Quaker was satisfied, and Levi was happy; the years of his apprenticeship passed pleasantly away.

One day Levi's master said to him:—

'Levi, I think of making thee a nice present when thy time is out.'

Levi smiled at this pleasant piece of news, and said, 'I shall be very happy to receive any gift you may please to make me, sir.'

Then the Quaker looked knowingly at Levi, and added, 'I cannot tell thee now what the present is to be, but *it shall be worth more than a thousand pounds to thee!*'

'More than a thousand pounds!' said Levi to himself, his eyes sparkling at the bare thought of such a costly gift. '*What can it be?*' That was the puzzling question which buzzed about like a bee in Levi's brain from that time until the day before he was out of his apprenticeship. On that day the Quaker said to him,

'Levi, thy time is out to-morrow; but I will take thee and thy present home to-day.'

Levi breathed freely on hearing these words. Dressing himself in his best suit, he soon joined the Quaker, but could see nothing that looked like a gift worth over a thousand pounds. He puzzled himself about it all the

way, and said to himself, 'Perhaps my master has forgotten it.'

At last they reached Levi's home. After he had been greeted by his friends, the Quaker turned to him and said :—

'Levi, I will give thy present to thy father.'

'As you please, sir,' replied Levi, now on the very tiptoe of expectation.

'Well,' said the Quaker, speaking to Levi's father, 'your son is the best boy I have ever had.' Then turning to Levi, he added, 'This is thy present, Levi, A GOOD NAME!'

Levi blushed, and perhaps he felt a little disappointed because his golden visions so suddenly vanished away. But his sensible father was delighted, and said to the Quaker, who was smiling a little waggishly :—

'I would rather hear you say *that* of my son, sir, than to see you give him all the money you are worth, for "*A good name* IS *rather to be chosen than great riches!*"'

Levi's father was right, and the young man's *good name* did more for him in after years than could have been accomplished by any sum of money, however large.

But, young reader, have you become possessed of the Quaker's Gift? Do *you* deserve it? Are you striving to gain it? And are you keeping in view the great truth that a good name, to be truly valuable, must be the fruit of sound principle and conscious integrity? How suitable, therefore, to the lips of the young man, is the prayer of Israel's royal minstrel, '*Let integrity and uprightness preserve me!*'

WHAT A WISE SAYING MAY DO.

A MERCHANT in a large German city had, by diligence and industry, obtained a large property, so that at last he owned a beautiful house and kept a shop with costly wares, before which many people constantly stood in wonder and admiration. Among these were often poor people and not a few vagabonds, who took care to say in a whisper, 'This rich man once had nothing, just like us.'

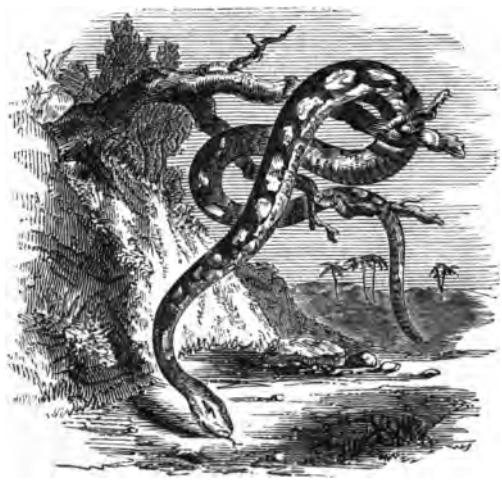
The merchant heard this remark one day, and, as he perceived that among the admirers of his shop there were generally a great many children, he hung a tablet over his shop-door with an inscription of a very short rhyme in German of four lines, and which means in English—

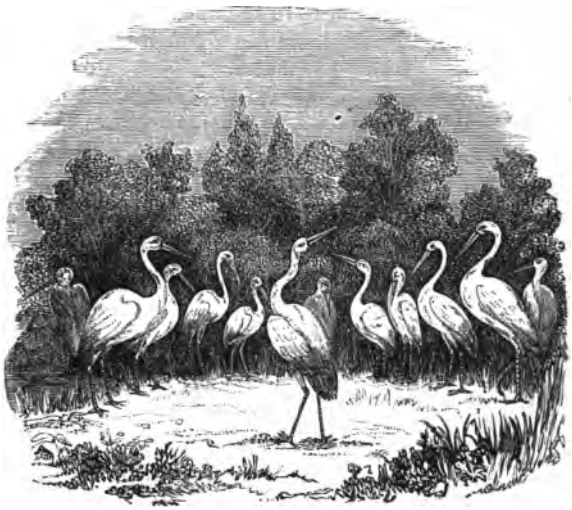
Learn something,
So you can do something,
So you can get something,
Then you will possess something.

One day, when the merchant was old and had given up his business to his son, he received a letter from Cadiz in Spain, and when he opened it he read a warm expression of gratitude from a man whom he had never known, never even seen. And what did the strange man thank the merchant for? That he had made a diligent, regular man of business out of him. And how was this? The writer was a school-boy at the time when the merchant hung up the lines over his door. He read them as often as he stood before the shop, and pondered the proverb always in his mind. It had such an effect upon him, that not only at school, but also as an apprentice and

man of business, he kept steady and diligent, till at last he, too, became wealthy and prosperous, and hung also over his shop in Cadiz the golden words:—

Learn something,
So you can do something,
So you can get something,
Then you will possess something.





EYES AND NO EYES;

OR, THE ART OF SEEING.

'WELL, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?' said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

R. I have been, sir, to Broom-heath, and so round by the windmill upon Camp-mount, and home through the meadows, by the river side.

Mr. A. Well, that's a pleasant round.

R. I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I had rather by half have gone along the turnpike-road.

Mr. A. Why, if seeing men and horses were your ob-

ject, you would, indeed, have been better entertained on the high-road. But did you see William?

R. We set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

Mr. A. That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

R. O, he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that! I had rather walk alone. I dare say he has not got home yet.

Mr. A. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

W. O, sir, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broom-heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows, by the side of the river.

Mr. A. Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking, and he complains of its dulness, and prefers the high-road.

W. I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me.

Mr. A. Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

W. I will, sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy; so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. However, I spied a curious thing in the hedge. It was an old crabtree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Mr. A. Ah! this is misletoe, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their religious rites. It bears a very slimy white berry, of which birdlime may be made. It is one of those plants which

do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; whence they have been styled *parasitical*, as being hangers-on, or dependants. It was the misletoe of the oak that the Druids particularly honoured.

THE MISLETOE.

W. A little further on, I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

Mr. A. That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

W. What beautiful birds they are!

THE WOODPECKER.

Mr. A. Yes; the woodpecker has been called, from its colour and size, the English parrot.

W. When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect on every side so free and unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I had never observed before. There were, at least, three kinds of heath (I have got them in my handkerchief here), and gorse, and broom, and bell-flower, and many others of all colours, that I will beg you presently to tell me the names of.

Mr. A. That I will, readily.

W. I saw, too, several birds that were new to me. There was a pretty greyish one, of the size of a lark, that was hopping about some great stones; and when he flew, he showed a great deal of white about his tail.

Mr. A. That was a wheat-ear. They are reckoned

very delicious birds to eat, and frequent the open downs in Sussex and some other counties, in great numbers.

W. There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round, just over my head, and crying *pewit*, so distinctly, one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as though one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near, he always managed to get away.

Mr. A. Ha, ha! you were finely taken in then! This was all an artifice of the bird's, to entice you away from its nest; for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did they not draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness.

W. I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over-shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy, who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel, and I had a good deal of talk with them, about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at. Well, I then took my course up to the windmill, on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill, in order to get a better view of the country around. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church-steeples; and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills. But I'll tell you what I mean to do, sir, if you will give me leave.

Mr. A. What is that?

W. I will go again, and take with me the county map,

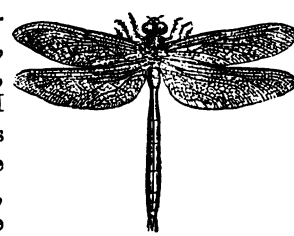
by which I shall probably be able to make out most of the places.

Mr. A. You shall have it, and I will go with you, and take my pocket spying-glass.

EYES AND NO EYES, &c.

(Concluded.)

W. From the hill, I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds and flags, and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. As I was getting down the bank, to reach one of them, I heard something plunge into the water near me. It was a large water-rat, and I saw it swim over to the other side and go into its hole. There were a great many large dragon-flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest, and have got him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and that every now and then darted down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange colour. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.



THE DRAGON-FLY.

Mr. A. I can tell you what that bird was—a king-fisher. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks, and is a shy,

retiring bird, never to be seen far from the stream where it inhabits.

W. I must try to get another sight of him, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well—I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side, I observed several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

Mr. A. I suppose they were sand-pipers, one of the numerous family of birds that get their living by wading among the shallows, and picking up worms and insects.

W. There were a great many swallows, too, sporting upon the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometimes they pursued one another so quickly, that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high steep sand-bank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of holes, with which the bank was bored full.

THE SAND-MARTIN.

Mr. A. Those were sand-martins, the smallest of our species of swallows. They are of a mouse-colour above, and white beneath. They make their nests, and bring

up their young in these holes, which run a great depth and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

W. A little further, I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole, with five broad iron prongs at the end. This he pushed straight down among the mud, in the deepest parts of the river, and fetched up the eels sticking between the prongs.

Mr. A. I have seen this method. It is called spearing of eels.

W. While I was looking at him, a heron came flying over my head, with his large, flagging wings. He alighted at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently, he darted his long bill as quick as lightning into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

Mr. A. Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society together, like rooks.

W. I then turned homeward, across the meadows, where I stopped awhile to look at a large flock of starlings, which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them; for they arose altogether from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a sort of black cloud, hovering over the field. After taking a short round,

they settled again, and presently arose again in the same manner. I dare say there were hundreds of them.

Mr. A. Perhaps so; for in the fenny countries their flocks are so numerous as to break down whole acres of reeds by settling on them.

W. I got to the high field next to our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged purple and crimson, and yellow of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is overhead.

Mr. A. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising.

W. I have; but, pray, what is the reason of this?

Mr. A. That you would hardly be able to understand at present. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you! I do not wonder that you found it amusing; it has been very instructive, too. Did *you* see nothing of all these sights, Robert?

R. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

Mr. A. Why not?

R. I don't know. I did not care about them, and I made the best of my way home.

Mr. A. That would have been right if you had been sent with a message; but as you walked only for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is—one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the

other. I have known sailors, who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. While many a vacant, thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do *you*, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and *you*, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG ROVER.

ROVER, awake! the grey cock crows!
Come, shake your coat, and go with me!
High in the east the green hill glows,
And glory crowns our sheltering tree.
The sheep expect us at the fold:
My faithful dog, let's haste away,
And in his earliest beams behold,
And hail, the source of cheerful day.

Half his broad orb o'erlooks the hill,
And darting down the valley flies:
At every casement welcome still,
The golden summons of the skies.
Go, fetch my staff; and o'er the dews
Let echo waft thy gladsome voice.
Shall we a cheerful note refuse,
When rising morn proclaims, 'Rejoice'?

Now, then, we'll start; and thus I'll sling
Our store, a trivial load to bear;
Yet, ere night comes, should hunger sting,
I'll not encroach on Rover's share.
The fresh breeze bears its sweets along;
The lark but chides us while we stay:
Soon shall the vale repeat my song;
Go, brush before, away, away!

GREEDY GODFREY.

How hateful to the good and wise,
Are greedy hearts and greedy eyes.

'Now, Godfrey,' said Uncle James, 'you shall divide these nuts between you and your brother Peter. Put them into these two cups, and as Peter is absent I will choose for him. If you have the division, and I the choice, that will be acting fairly, and they say, "Fair play is a jewel all the world over."'

Uncle James was a shrewd and a wise man, and well knew Godfrey's sad failing of greediness, so, while the latter was dividing the nuts, he took out of his pocket a book, and began to read it.

Godfrey set about his pleasant task with right good will, but in a very unfair manner. 'Now,' thought he to himself, 'I will have that bunch of six, and most of the bunches of five, and the big brown shellers that have fallen out of their husks, for I can manage my uncle, I know.'

Uncle James, however, was not quite so easily managed as Godfrey thought; for while seemingly em-

ployed with his book, he was observing all that was going on.

Godfrey first placed the bunch of six, and three of the four bunches of fives, and the big brown shellers by themselves in one of the cups, adding to them almost all the best of those that were left, and covering them over with a few of the small ones, while at the top of the other cup he stuck the remaining bunch of fives. 'That bunch will do the business for me,' thought he, 'for uncle will be sure to choose it.'

As it happened, however, Uncle James did not choose it; for when he made his choice he said, 'These are very small ones in one of the cups, but I should not at all wonder if they have full kernels for all that; so I shall choose them for Peter at once.'

Much astonished, and still more disappointed, was Godfrey; but as he had divided the nuts himself he could not complain. 'I will manage better the next time,' thought he, 'and uncle shall be outwitted.'

This is the way that young people often act, foolishly supposing that because their thoughts are not expressed, nobody knows them, whereas those around them, who are older than they, frequently know them almost as well as if they were written down.

'Now, Godfrey,' said Uncle James the next day, 'you must again go through your pleasant task, for here are some more nuts, and Peter is again absent. He was quite satisfied with the division you made the last time, so take the cups and see if you can manage the matter as well again.'

'Yes, I can,' thought greedy Godfrey, 'and a great deal better; for if I had not the best of the nuts last

time, I will this time;' so he set to work at once, while his uncle, as before, took out of his pocket a book.

In a short time the worst of the nuts were in one cup, and the best in another, Godfrey taking care to put some small nuts at the top of the worst cup.

'All ready, uncle,' cried he with great glee, feeling quite sure that this time he should have the lion's share. Alas! for poor Godfrey, he forgot that honesty was the best policy, and did not see that greediness in himself which was so plainly seen by his uncle.

'Oh,' said Uncle James, when he came to look at the cups, 'here are some nice small nuts again, I see. I chose them last time for Peter, but it would hardly be fair to rob you of them every time, so I will now choose the other cup. As I said before, "Fair play is a jewel all the world over."'

If greedy Godfrey was astonished and disappointed before, he was now much more so, and it was with a very ill grace that he took to himself the worse cup which he had so slily provided for his brother.

Uncle James took care to give Godfrey another opportunity of exercising his talent in the way of division, and was happy to find that, not knowing how to secure the best of the nuts by deceit, he divided them honestly, so that there was hardly a pin to choose between his own and the cup that fell to the share of his brother Peter.

Uncle James failed not, afterwards, to point out kindly, but faithfully, to Godfrey, the folly and sin of greediness and deceit, and a great comfort it was to him in his latter days to see his two nephews prospering in

the fear of the Lord, and doing unto others as they would wish others to do to them.

No fairer sight our eyes engage,
In passing through life's pilgrimage,
Than virtuous youth and pious age.

THE ORANGE BOY.

A POOR BOY named Harry Wilson, one day when he was walking in London, saw a lady with two children, who were crossing the street, without observing a carriage, which was driving at full speed against them. The lady, who carried the youngest child in her arms, had just passed, when, alarmed at the sound of the carriage, she turned round and beheld her eldest son, who, in affright, had fallen at the feet of the horses. They were so spirited, that the coachman had the greatest difficulty in reining them in; and the poor child must have been run over if Harry had not, with great presence of mind, sprung forward, seized him, and carried him in safety to his mother's arms. She burst into tears of joy; and thanking Harry with the warmest expressions of gratitude, pulled out her purse and put a sovereign into his hand. Harry stared at the gold; and concluding she had made a mistake, told her it was not a shilling, but a sovereign, that she had given him. 'Keep it,' she said; 'you well deserve it for saving my dear boy's life; but if you are as prudent as you are courageous, you will not spend it idly, but try to turn it to account.' Harry, overjoyed at the possession of such a treasure, returned home to relate all that had passed to his father; and showing him the gold, asked what

the lady could mean by desiring him to turn it to account.

'Why,' said his father, 'she wishes you, instead of spending it, to make it increase.'

'How can I do that?' replied the boy; 'I may lay it by and not spend it, but it will never increase; money will not grow.'

'That is true,' returned his father; 'but there are other means of increasing it. Suppose you were to buy a quantity of oranges with your sovereign, and carry them about the streets and sell them, you would be able to sell them for more than you paid for them. The sovereign is worth twenty shillings; now, if you sell the oranges for more, your money will be increased.'

Harry liked the thought of selling oranges very much; so his father took him to an orange merchant, whose warehouse was full of boxes of oranges, and he inquired whether he could buy one of them for a sovereign. They gave him one of the smallest, and his father carried it home. He then filled a basket with oranges, which he told Harry to carry about the streets and sell for a penny each. Harry went about crying, 'Fine oranges, a penny a-piece; who'll buy my oranges?' The first day he sold about fifty oranges, and at the end of the week he had sold all that the box contained, excepting a few which he had given to his brothers and sisters, and two or three which he had eaten himself. He now began to count over the money he had received for the oranges, which he had carefully laid up in a box. It was some trouble to count it, for he had taken almost the whole in halfpence; so he piled these up in heaps of twenty-four, which made a shilling each, and to his surprise he found that he had got

twenty-eight shillings. 'So, then, my sovereign is turned into twenty-eight shillings,' said he, exultingly; 'father was quite right in saying that it might increase, though it would not grow.' It then suddenly struck him that it might not be fair to sell his oranges for more than they cost him, and he ran to ask his father about it. 'It is quite fair,' said his father; 'you have had the trouble of carrying them about the streets for a week, and it is right that you should be paid for your labour; if you had not been occupied in selling oranges, you would have gone on errands, or I should have given you something or other to do for me.'

'Yes; but, father,' replied Harry, 'when I go about such odd jobs, I do not gain more than two or three shillings a week; and now, you see, I have got eight shillings!'

'That is because you had a sovereign to begin with. No person can set up in any trade unless he has some money to begin with.'

'No, to be sure,' replied Harry; 'he must have money to buy the oranges, or whatever else he wants to sell. But I wonder, father, that people don't all go to the orange merchant to buy oranges; he sells them so much cheaper than I and others do, who cry them about the streets; for you know he sold me as many oranges for twenty shillings as I sold again for twenty-eight shillings.'

'The orange merchant sells them *wholesale*, that is, a *whole* box at once, a great many at a time: if he opened a box and sold them *retail*, that is, only a few at a time, as you did, he must have a man to stand at the counter on purpose to serve the retail customers; the wages of that man might, perhaps, be eight shillings a

week; so he must sell his retail oranges at a penny a-piece, as you do, or he would lose by them.'

'Then does he get nothing by the oranges he sells wholesale?' inquired Harry.

'That is rather a foolish question, Harry. Men do not buy and sell for their amusement, as children sometimes do; they carry on their trade for the purpose of gaining a livelihood; and what they gain on the sale of their goods is called *profit*: thus, the orange merchant makes a profit by selling his oranges for more than he paid for them, as you gained eight shillings profit by the sale of your oranges.'

'And where did he buy them so cheap?' inquired Harry.

'He bought them in distant countries, where they grow, and are much more plentiful and cheaper than they are here.'

Harry was quite satisfied with this explanation, and returned to the orange merchant to buy another box; 'But now,' said he, 'that I have twenty-eight shillings, I can buy a larger box.' Harry ventured to ask the merchant what country the oranges came from: he told him it was Portugal; and finding that he took an interest in his merchandise, took him down to the wharf, where there was a vessel unlading oranges. Harry was astonished at the immense number of chests there were: the merchant told him, that he wrote to a correspondent at Lisbon, a town in Portugal, to buy these oranges for him; and after that he had to pay their freight, that is, the expense of their being brought over in the ship; 'and yet,' said he, 'I make a good profit by selling them here wholesale.'

'And so do I,' said Harry, 'by selling them retail;

for I got eight shillings profit on the box I bought of you.'

'That is quite right, my lad,' said the merchant; 'and now that you have twenty-eight shillings to lay out, I will let you have a much larger box.'

Harry was very glad that the orange merchant was not displeased at his selling the oranges dearer than he did himself, for he could not help fancying that he might have thought it wrong. By the sale of this larger box of oranges, Harry made above thirty shillings; and he went on buying wholesale, and selling retail, till he made a good deal of money, and was able to purchase a new suit of clothes, which he wanted sadly. He bought also a little table, with which he made a stall; so that he had not the trouble of carrying the oranges about in a basket, and could spread out a great many more on the stall than he could carry in a basket; and they were rubbed so bright, and looked so nice, and he was so clean and tidy in his new clothes, that people liked to buy of him, and so he sold a great number of oranges.

THE ORANGE BOY—(*concluded*).

One day a lady with two children came to Harry's stall, and he recollected that she was the same who had given him the sovereign; but she did not know him again, because he was so much better dressed. She bought six oranges; but when she was going to pay him, he would not take the money, saying, 'All these oranges I owe to you, Ma'am.' The lady then looked full in his face, and knew him, and expressed great pleasure at seeing him again, and so much improved in his condition.

'You have, indeed, turned your money to good account,' said she.

'It was owing to your desiring me to do so, Ma'am,' replied Harry; 'and my father told me how to do it.'

The lady accepted the oranges, because she knew it would give Harry pleasure, and it did so; for though he knew that the lady could afford to pay for them, it was the only means he had of showing her his gratitude. It happened that the lady lived in the neighbourhood, and whenever she wanted oranges she sent to buy them at Harry's stall, so that she became one of his best customers.

Harry had a friend named Robert Dixon: he liked him because he was a good-natured and a clever boy; but he was heedless and idle, and Harry's father had sometimes warned him that he was a dangerous companion, as he might lead him into bad habits; but this was before Harry sold oranges, for now he was too busy at his trade to be in any danger of growing idle.

One day when Robert was lounging about the stall, and yawning for want of something to do, Harry thought to himself, 'I wish I could make poor Robert industrious, then he would be as happy as I am;' and he asked him whether he would like to sell oranges?

'To be sure I should,' replied Robert; 'but how can I? I am not so lucky as to get a sovereign.'

'And if I were to lend you one,' said Harry, 'would you mind and attend to your business?'

'Oh, that I would, I promise you,' replied Robert. So it was settled, and the two friends agreed to keep their stalls close together, that they might have a little chat when there were no customers. 'But then,' said Robert, 'I must not sell oranges, for I might take away

some of your customers, and I am sure that would be an ill return for your kindness.'

'True,' said Harry, 'we should hurt each other's trade; but then what can you sell?'

They thought about it a good while, and at last decided that Robert should sell hot coffee for labourers' breakfasts before they went to work.

'And chestnuts, too,' added Robert; 'for I can roast them by the same fire that boils the coffee; and people will not want coffee all day long.'

But then it required more than a sovereign to set Robert up in this trade; for he must buy a stove, and charcoal to light it, a coffee-pot, tea-cups, and several other things besides the coffee and chestnuts he meant to sell. So Harry consulted his father, who approved of his son's intention of reclaiming Robert from his idle habits.

'But,' said he, 'it will cost two sovereigns to buy all that will be required to set up a coffee-stall: you are now rich enough to be able to lend him that sum, but he must pay you interest for it.'

Harry knew not what interest meant; and his father explained to him that it was paying for the use of the money. 'You have learnt now, Harry,' continued he, 'that money makes money. If you had not had the sovereign to begin with, you would not have made all the money you possess; nor can Robert, you see, set up in his trade without money to buy what he wants: as he has got no money, he must borrow it, if he can find a friend who will be kind enough to lend it; but it is only fair that he should pay something for the use of it; for while he is using it, you cannot use it, and make a profit by it, yourself.'

'But how can Robert make profits by his trade if he pays me for the use of the money? It will run away with all his profits.'

'Oh no,' replied his father. 'The proper interest for two sovereigns is two shillings a year; and you know he will be able to make much greater profits than that, if he minds his business.'

'A great deal more, indeed, in a whole year,' cried Harry; 'for I make as much as two shillings in a day.'

Robert soon after set up his stall close to Harry's, and the two boys were very happy together. Harry sometimes, when he had an over-ripe orange, would cut it open, and share it between himself and his friend; and he often cut out a piece to give to a poor child who looked with longing eyes, but had not a halfpenny to buy one. As the summer came on, Harry found that oranges were going out of season, and that it would be necessary for him to change his trade. So he consulted with his friend what he should deal in; and they settled it should be strawberries, and then cherries, and all the different fruits as they came in season, till he returned to oranges the next winter. This was very agreeable; for, besides the profits Harry made, he and his friend could eat a little fruit every now and then; for, when it was growing stale, they ate it, instead of letting it rot and be good for nothing.

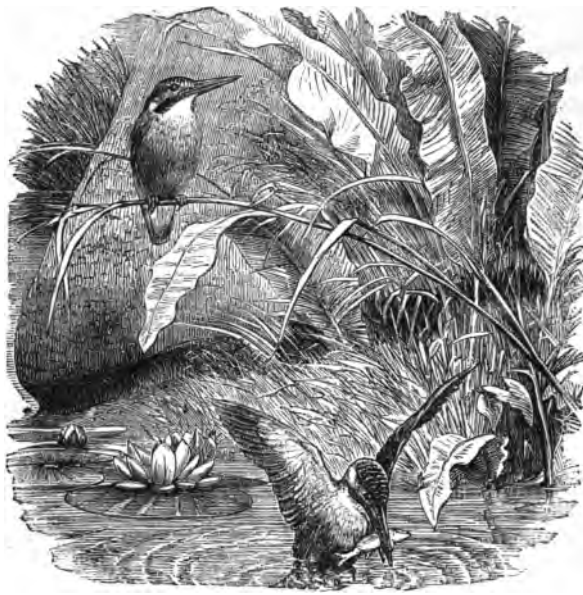
One day, Robert was so busy talking and laughing, that he forgot his coffee-pot, which boiled over, and some of it was lost. He put in more water to fill it up; but this made it weaker, and his customers complained that it was not so good as usual; and they threatened to go and breakfast at another stall, if he did not serve

them better in future. Then Harry said, 'You see, Robert, what it is not to mind your business: if this happens again, you will lose many of your customers, and then how are you to make profits?' Robert was more attentive and careful afterwards for a considerable time.

One summer's evening, as the two boys were walking out, after having put away their stalls, they passed by a place of amusement, and were tempted to go in. They had money in their pockets, and could afford to give themselves such a treat, and a great one it was, but it kept them up late at night. Harry was so much afraid of not rising in time the next morning, that he begged his father to awaken him. Robert was not so prudent, and overslept himself; and about six in the morning, when most of his customers came for their breakfast, he was not there. Harry made the best excuses for him that he could; bnt they were much displeased, and went to breakfast at another stall, and some of them were so angry that they would not return to his stall another day, which lessened Robert's profits considerably, so that the next time he went to the grocer's to buy a stock of coffee, he had not money enough to pay for it. Robert was much at a loss what to do, for he did not like to borrow more money of his friend Harry; and the grocer, seeing his distress, said, that, as he believed him to be an honest boy, he would give him credit for the sum. 'But,' added he, 'you must pay me interest for it; for giving you credit is just the same as lending you money, only I lend you coffee instead of money; and the coffee, you know, is worth as much as the money it costs.'

Robert agreed to this: as he grew older, he became

more steady and prudent: and, in the course of time, not only paid the grocer, but also Harry the two sovereigns he had borrowed of him. Some years after, Harry grew rich enough to set up a fruiterer's shop: he was then of an age to marry, and his wife helped him to keep the shop and serve the customers. Robert always remained at his stall; for, though he had the good sense to see his errors, and to improve in steadiness of conduct, he could never entirely get over his old habits of carelessness.



THE KINGFISHER.

Look at that bird perched on the branch which hangs over the stream. His stout body, large head, long bill, short legs, and stumpy tail give him, as he sits there, rather a clumsy, awkward and heavy appearance. But only catch sight of him in motion, during his rapid, glancing, arrow-like flight, as he darts with lightning speed along the bank, his wings shining in the sunlight with all the tints of the rainbow, and you will hardly believe that he is the same creature. He is indeed a

lovely bird, his glossy coat displaying such beautiful colours as no other of our English wild birds can boast, with its brilliant blue, green, and orange feathers, as splendid as those of the gay humming-birds that flit to and fro like winged blossoms in the wild forests of tropical America.

Such is the Kingfisher, so-called from his habits and the beauty of his plumage; and as befits his majesty, in right royal robes is he dressed. But the Kingfisher is not often to be seen, because he is a shy, retiring bird, and likes to dwell with his mate in some quiet lonely spot, always in the neighbourhood of water. In a hole—frequently one which has been deserted by the water-vole—in the bank of a stream, the Kingfisher makes its nest of fish-bones, if you can call it a nest. Such as it is, it serves the purpose. The entrance of the hole is often hidden by tufts of grass or the roots of a tree. I know a snug spot in a gentleman's grounds in the country where a pair of these beautiful birds have made their abode and reared their young ones unmolested, for several years back, by the side of a narrow pool of water, sheltered above and around by the overarching and interlacing boughs of the trees. Here we are able sometimes to watch their movements, only we must be very careful that they do not see us, or they soon vanish and hide themselves.

It is a beautiful May day: the sun is shining brightly on the water, making the pool look just like a mirror of silver, over which the twittering swallows are skimming rapidly in search of insects. Everything else seems hushed and still, save now and then the echoing cry of the cuckoo in the far distance, the soft cooing of the wood-pigeon, or the drowsy hum of the bee flitting past

ns. There sits our little friend the Kingfisher, on a branch above the water. For several minutes he has remained so still and motionless that anyone might imagine him asleep, and dreaming the happy moments away. But no; he is not only wide awake, but peering eagerly into the water beneath. Suddenly, he darts from his resting-place. With a quick flash, his wings open, and swift as an arrow he shoots from his perch, plunges open-billed straight into the stream, splashes about furiously for a few seconds, and then emerges with a small fish wriggling in his beak. He sometimes flies back to the branch from which he descended, there to swallow the fish with a few eager gulps, and then to look out for another victim. But as he is an attentive husband to his pretty wife, he often takes the fish he has caught, as a tit-bit for Mrs. Kingfisher sitting on her six or seven eggs of a pure white. Or it may be that at home there is a brood of little Kingfishers, with hungry stomachs not easily satisfied, even though both parents are constantly busy catching and bringing them food.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A Crow, who stole a piece of cheese,
Got nicely perched among the trees,
His stolen morsel to enjoy
Where nothing might his bliss destroy;
When, lo! a Fox came prowling by,
And, underneath the branches high,
Sir Reynard eyed the Crow so sooty,
And praised him highly for his beauty.

Quoth he, 'I solemnly declare,
Your form and feathers are so fair,
Your shape so graceful, and your voice!
I'm sure to hear it I'd rejoice;
For, if it equal your complexion,
You must be absolute perfection!'
The silly Crow, so weak and vain,
Believed the flatterer's artful strain,
And becked and bobbed from side to side,
And hopped and wriggled in his pride;
And then, to show his tuneful throat,
Essayed to warble forth a note!
But, ere he proved his vocal skill,
The precious cheese dropt from his bill—
The prize for which sly Reynard panted,
Who got the very thing he wanted!
And showed, as off he laughing sped,
How fools are flattered, knaves are fed.

CURIOUS TOM.

Tom Harding was a bright little fellow, good-tempered and obliging, and generally obedient; but he had one fault that quite spoiled him. Tom had a great deal of *curiosity*. He wanted to know all about everything—how it was made, what it looked like, how it felt, smelled, or tasted.

He put the clock all out of order climbing up to it to see if he could not find out what made the pendulum go. He punched a hole in his air-ball to see what was inside that felt so soft, and yet swelled it out so nicely. He rubbed off nearly all the delicate colour from a beautiful

wax rose which had been given to his mother, by poking his inquisitive little nose down among the fragile leaves, to see if it really did not smell as well as look like the roses in the garden. And he had a very bitter taste on his tongue more than once in trying the contents of various bottles on the closet shelf.

One day near Christmas his mother wanted some things from the village shop; so she gave him a written order, and Tom started off, quite proud of his errand. He gave the shopman his order, and the man put the things in the basket.

On his way home, Tom sat down on a stone by the wayside, and taking out one of the bottles, turned it round and round, and looked at it with prying eyes. 'I wonder what it is and what it tastes like? It can't be any great harm just to take the cork out and *smell*;' and the next moment he was tugging away at the stopper. It came hard, but it came at last, and Tom put the bottle eagerly to his nose. 'That is good—smells like lemons; may be it tastes like lemons, too,' and the bottle went from his nose to his lips.

And this big bottle, full of white foamy-looking stuff, what *could* that be? He felt he must find out, at all costs. The cork came still harder than the other; but when it did come, it was with a fizz and a pop, and a strong smell that nearly knocked poor Tom over. 'Oh, dear, it must be that funny kind of wine I have heard of, that always goes off with a bang. I will take a taste;' and so, although the sharp, strong scent nearly took his breath away, he put the bottle to his lips, and took a good swallow.

Oh, the terrible effects that followed. Poor Tom's mouth and throat were perfectly skinned. It seemed

to him that they were certainly on fire; and he ran home to his mother, shrieking: 'Oh, water, water! I'm burning, burning up!'

Everything was done that could be to relieve his pain; but you may suppose it was not much of the mince-pies or the plum-pudding poor Tom could eat that Christmas; but the lesson, though severe, helped to break him of his fault.

PIGEONS.

'TOM,' said Mr. Blackmore to his eldest boy, when they were out walking together one afternoon, 'as you will be ten years old to-morrow, I shall buy you some pigeons.'

Tom. Oh! thank you, father, there is nothing I should like so much. I have longed for the time when I should have some. You know I spent last Thursday with Robert Williams, and he showed me his pigeons. They are such beautiful creatures, and most of them are so tame that they will come to him, perch on his shoulder, and eat out of his hand.

Father. Yes, by kind treatment, most birds become very tame. During our walk, I may as well tell you something about the different kinds of pigeons. We will begin with the one called the Carrier, of which no doubt you have heard.

Tom. Yes: Robert has some, and he told me they were the ones he prized most.

Father. He is quite right too. The Carrier Pigeon is such a clever, useful bird, that it deserves the first place. It was employed many hundreds of years ago, by some

of the eastern nations to carry letters and messages. The ancient Greeks used Carrier Pigeons to convey to distant places the names of the victors in their public games. During the wars called the Crusades—about which you have read in your History—when King Richard the First of England was besieging the town of Acre in Palestine, his enemy, Saladin, constantly sent tidings to those shut up in the town by means of Carrier Pigeons. But one day an arrow shot from an English crossbow chanced to bring one of these messengers to the ground; the plans of Saladin were discovered, and the city was soon compelled to surrender. At the present day Carrier Pigeons are trained at the royal palaces in Persia and Turkey, and some of them are supplied to each governor of a province. Whenever a governor wishes to send a message to the palace he lets loose one of the trained birds with a letter securely fastened to it, and the pigeon soon finds its way to its former home.

Tom. What a useful bird the Carrier is to be sure! But how can it find its way back so easily?

Father. This bird is gifted with such clear sight, that when aloft in the air it can see to an immense distance. It is able also to remember and distinguish places in a remarkable manner, so that it never forgets its home, to which it becomes much attached, and to which, after being properly trained, it always returns. Carrier Pigeons travel very rapidly. One has been known to fly 150 miles in an hour and a half; but their average speed is not more than 45 miles an hour.

Tom. You say the birds are trained. I suppose this is done so that the Carrier may know its business thoroughly, just like a boy learning a trade?

Father. Just so, Tom. No doubt the bird receives its first lessons from its parents, by taking short flights with them as soon as it can use its wings. In this manner it is soon able to distinguish its own abode from all others. When the bird is strong enough, it is carried about half a mile away from home, and being set at liberty, it finds its way back. This process is repeated, the distance each time being increased, till at length it will return even if taken two or three hundred miles away. As soon as the pigeon is let loose, it mounts immediately up into the air, and after flying round and round in a circle several times, it darts in a straight line towards its distant dwelling.

Tom. How very wonderful! I do admire such a clever bird, and hope some day to have some Carrier Pigeons.

Father. But I think we must take leave of the Carrier for the present, and speak of the other kinds of Pigeons. The most common of all is the Dove-house Pigeon, which is found widely spread throughout England, as well as in other countries of Europe and Asia. In a wild state it lives amongst the rocks and cliffs. Then there is the Tumbler.

Tom. Yes, that is another of Robert's favourite pigeons.

Father. The Tumbler is a very funny bird. He is so called from his strange habit of turning over and over backwards when he is flying high up in the air. He looks then as if he had suddenly become giddy from having reached such a height, though I believe the tumbling is only a natural habit of this plump little mountebank—perhaps one of his ways of enjoying himself. Another favourite is the Pouter—in my opinion the most curious of all pigeons. He is a tall, strong bird, and

has the power of blowing out his crop till it is as large and round as a middle-sized turnip.

Tom. Robert told me he was going to buy a Trumpeter. What kind of pigeon is that?

Father. It receives its name, because the sound it utters in cooing is said to resemble that of a trumpet. It may be known by the moustache on its beak, and it has frequently a little crest of curled feathers on the top of its head.

Another pretty little pigeon is the one called the Nun, which has a tuft of feathers resembling a hood on the back of the head. According to the colour, it is termed a red, black, or yellow headed nun; and the larger the tuft or hood of feathers the more the bird is prized. But I must not forget the Fantail Pigeon.

Tom. Oh! I know it. Robert has a splendid pair of white Fantails. They are so called because they can raise their tail-feathers and spread them out something like a lady's fan.

Father. I think the Fantail is the most elegant of pigeons. Besides the ones I have already mentioned, there is the Jacobin, with its frill of raised feathers, said to resemble the hood or cowl worn by a monk; the Turbet, the Barb, the Laugher, the Owl, and the Common Runt Pigeon. So you see there is plenty of choice. But here we are at home, and I dare say tea is waiting for us.

PIGEONS (*continued*).

Next day the carpenter brought home a dovecot which had been ordered some time previously, unknown to Tom. He thanked his kind father, and was soon busily engaged examining his pigeon-house. At length he said,

'It is made very strong, father. But I do not see why there should be so many different compartments, each with its own little door. Would not one large room be better?'

Father. Certainly not. If the house were not divided in the manner you see, there would soon be nothing but fighting and confusion among the inmates. Eggs would get broken, and the 'squeakers,' as the baby pigeons are called, would be in constant danger of being trodden to death or otherwise killed. You understand now why each pair of pigeons should be provided with a separate apartment, so made that the hen can build her nest, and sit upon her eggs without being seen or disturbed. Do you see this slip of wood in front of the rooms? It is for the pigeons to rest upon, but to prevent the different pairs from quarrelling about the right of walking on it, or fighting for the possession of the apartments, which they are apt to do, I thought it best to get the carpenter to divide it with upright partitions. It has been painted white because that colour serves as the best landmark to direct the pigeons—especially the young ones—in their homeward flight.

Presently a knock was heard at the door, and a basket being handed to Tom was found to contain, to his surprise and joy, six beautiful pigeons. 'What fine birds they are, father,' he exclaimed, 'are they old ones?'

Father. No, my boy; it would never answer to buy old pigeons, which very seldom take to a new home, but seize the first opportunity of escaping. I have known persons indeed try to make old birds remain by plucking out some of the wing feathers, so as to prevent their flying back again to their former quarters, but this is a very cruel act, and one I trust you would never practise.

No doubt a bird could be in this way compelled to stay till its wings grew again, but depend upon it they would then carry it away from such an unkind master. Others again clip the wings, but by so doing they destroy the beauty of the bird, and it becomes a scare-crow. It is probable that when the moulting time comes, the poor thing will not be able to get rid of the ugly stumps, and thus will sicken and die.

Tom. How old are these you have bought me?

Father. Only five or six weeks. They are just able to pick up their own food, and are called 'squeakers.' You will have to keep them shut up for about a month; during which time you must feed them well, otherwise they will not attach themselves to their new home, in which case, when you set them at liberty, they would probably be enticed away by the cunning old pigeons of the surrounding neighbourhood. You see there is a wired frame to let down in front of the cot, and if your pigeons are in they will be shut up as though they were in a cage, until you raise the frame, which you can do by pulling the string. Now put in your birds, and I will fix the frame for you and nail your dovecot against the wall of the house facing the south.

Tom. I have got some grain ready to give them—wheat, barley, and oats. I have bought also some grey peas, which Robert said pigeons were very fond of. You will give me any advice, won't you, father?

Father. I have bought this book for you, in which you will find every information necessary for your guidance in attending to your pigeons. You must obey the rules it gives, and you will soon, with a little practice, learn how to manage them properly. But there is one thing you cannot be too careful about, as I dare say the book will

tell you—I mean cleanliness. Hundreds of pigeons die because their house is allowed to remain dirty.

Tom. I trust mine will never die from such a cause.

Father. I hope not. Had I for a moment thought so, I should not have bought them for you. I consider a boy has no right to keep dumb animals of any kind, be they rabbits, birds, or Guinea-pigs, who is too idle to attend properly to their wants. It is wanton cruelty to do so. Remember, therefore, always to keep the pigeon-house clean, and strew the floor often with sand or fine gravel. Again, never forget to keep them well supplied with clean water for bathing. Pigeons are exceedingly fond of water. They appear to know when rain is approaching, and may often be seen perched upon the housetops waiting for its coming, and spreading out their wings to receive the refreshing shower.

Tom. Why, that is as good as taking a shower-bath. They must feel all the better for it, especially in hot dusty weather, as I do after my bath in the morning.

Father. No doubt they do, and when you have placed a pan full of fresh water for them, if you hide yourself you will enjoy the fun of seeing them washing, and splashing, and plunging about in it, and afterwards pluming themselves and trimming their coats. I wish all children were as fond of washing the body; they would be all the better for it both in health and temper. Now I will nail up your dovecot, and must leave you to study your book for any other information you may require.

Tom took great care of his pigeons, feeding them regularly, and keeping their house very clean. At the end of five or six weeks, he drew up the wired frame, just after he had given the birds a good meal. Away

flew the pigeons, and seemed to enjoy their liberty, but before nightfall they all returned. Six months passed, and one fine morning Tom was delighted to find a pretty white egg laid in a nest built by one pair of the pigeons. The next morning another egg was added, and then the hen commenced sitting on the two eggs. Soon after, other nests were built and eggs laid by the other hens. In each case, when the mother hen had sat on the eggs for seventeen days, the young pigeons were hatched. The little wee things were fed by the parent birds for six weeks, and then they were able to fly and procure their own food.

Tom reaped the reward for the pains he took with his birds. His book was a great help to him at first, and he got many hints from his father, as well as from his friend Robert. In the course of time he had an excellent lot of pigeons. Those he did not wish to keep he either exchanged for others of a different sort, or sold them, or gave them to his mother, to make a pigeon pie. He found pigeons were not only amusing and instructive, but really profitable. He rarely lost any through disease. He had learnt that cleanliness and wholesome food were the best means of preserving the health of birds, as well as boys and girls.

THE SAILOR'S STORY.

'And have you seen my little boy? Oh! sailor, tell me true;
The neighbours say his ship's come home; he sail'd along with you.

It's two long years—it may be more, they've twenty seemed to me—
Since he went from his mother dear, to sail upon the sea.
You'll know him by his golden locks, and by his eye so blue!
Then have you seen my little boy? Oh! sailor, tell me true.'

'I do not know your little boy—so, mother, ask no more;
All home-sick lads—sure he was one—should stay upon the shore.
For golden hair and soft blue eyes we sailors little care;
The bold and brave, 'tis they alone their messmates' friendship share.
There is a sun-burnt, brawny lad, a strong rough mate, like me,
He was the only boy I know that went with us to sea.'

With that he doff'd his tarry hat and flung it in the air,
Above the sun-burnt cheek she saw the brow, the golden hair,
And then a look like sunshine flash'd from out his eyes of blue.
He needed not to speak again, her boy the mother knew.
'And here,' he said, 'are guineas bright, and hard 'twill go with me,
Dear mother, if you e'er repent your Robin went to sea.'

THE JUVENILE CLOCKMAKER.

A Mechanical Genius.

When young Kean got his first pocket-knife, he felt as happy as the days were long—and it was towards the end of June, so, you see, the days were at the longest. He was a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boy, with an intelligent face and trim little figure; the sort of boy that everybody liked, not only for his good looks, but for his good behaviour. Who was ever so ready to run an errand for his mother or anyone else? Who so forward in settling a dispute between other boys? Who so backward at getting into a quarrel? Who so willing to work, as young Kean, only son of Widow Kean?

A sharp boy he was; head boy at school, whether figuring in arithmetic, or piping sweet and clear in the singing class. He was always in the master's good books; he had everybody's good word.

Well, when he got his first pocket-knife—a real good knife, bought with carefully-saved halfpence, all his own—he was in great spirits. There were two small blades—sharp, bright, and 'warranted'—besides the big blade; and Tom never seemed tired of admiring them all. Now, the first use to which some boys would have put a pocket-knife would have been (clumsy fellows!) to cut their own fingers; but there was no fear of Tom doing anything of the kind. Carpenter Chips gave him a lump of wood, and out of that he made a pretty little boat, which floated beautifully, without turning keel uppermost. He made a present of this toy to a poor cripple who lived near; and was not the lame 'laddie' delighted?

Tom carved out many wonderful things with his pocket-knife; and Chips, the carpenter, who was as good-natured a fellow as you would care to know, and as true as his own foot-rule, lent this boy sometimes a chisel or a file, or gave him a few nails. Often and often Tom was seen in Chips's shop; he would perhaps ask, 'Please, Mr. Chips, may I borrow a hammer?'

'Two, if you like, Tom: what are you after now?'

Sometimes, of course, it would be one thing, and sometimes another: making a new door to Jack's rabbit-hutch; just going to ease Sam's crutch a little; putting a bit of wood over a broken window; making a pie board; and a host of other things. One day he came to ask for two or three tools all at once, and Chips, opening his eyes wide, asked: 'And what is it to-day, Tom—going to build a house?'

Tom flushed crimson.

'Must I tell you, Mr. Chips? If you please, I would rather not.'

Chips was quite surprised. 'Well, if it is a secret,' he said, 'of course I won't ask.'

'It is a secret, Mr. Chips; but there is no harm in it.'

'All right, Tom; I know I can trust you.'

Tom gave a little nod and a pleasant smile, and, gathering up the tools, ran gaily off. When he got home he crept stealthily into a small shed in the back yard, and there, cautiously removing some loose lumber, he brought out a rather roughly made wooden clock. Yes, a real working clock. He had made it all himself, all of wood; and how he had come to do it was this.

His mother had what is called a Dutch clock, and very often it was out of repair, and they had to call

some one (the clockman) in to set it going. Tom was a careful observer. He watched what the 'doctor' did for the sick clock; and one day, when it would not go, and his mother said she must have it mended, what did Tom say but 'Mother, I can do it, if you will trust me.' She was rather afraid at first, but at last consented, and the clock went well for a long while afterwards. Two or three other clocks were entrusted to Tom, and he was successful with them all. Then he thought he would *make* a clock for himself, and this was the sly piece of business he was carrying on in the shed.

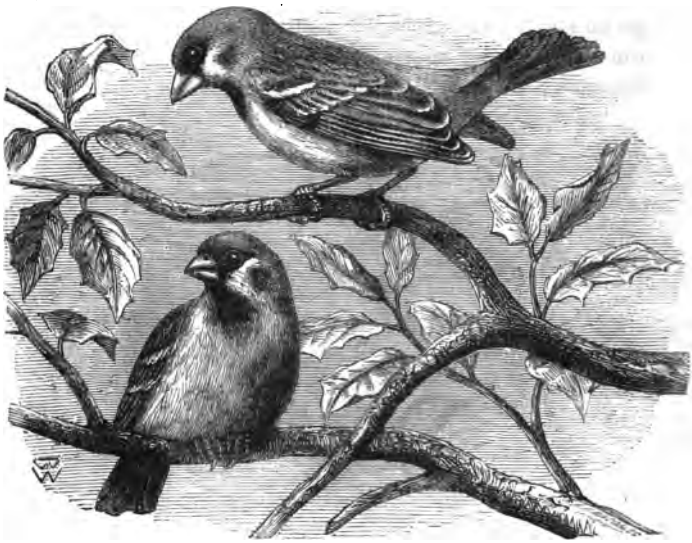
Over his work he bent, turning a screw here and a screw there; and somebody was watching him. Chips had followed the boy at a little distance; he had gone into the house, and into the back room of the ground floor, where, behind a short green gauze blind at a window that looked right into the shed, he stood watching the boy, and scarcely able to restrain himself from shouting out with joy.

Chips had made a discovery; he had found out that Tom possessed a mechanical genius, and was 'going it,' as Chips remarked, 'like one o'clock.'

Chips did not keep the secret. He told it to a gentleman, who was manager in a large engineering establishment, and the gentleman had an interview with Tom. What came of it? Why, Tom was taken apprentice, and made his way wonderfully. He became a great man, made many important improvements in machinery, and gained a large fortune.

Let me ask those boys who read this: What are *you* doing? Anything? Nothing? Are you a help to those to whom you belong? Do something now. It may be that it is never too late to amend; but sure we

are it is never too early to begin. Begin to be useful; go on step by step, inch by inch, and success will and must attend your efforts. 'Seest thou a man diligent in business? he shall stand before kings.'



THE SPARROW.

No bird is so well known throughout the British Islands as the common house sparrow. Well may he be called 'common.' Go where you will in England, Scotland, or Ireland, and you are sure of finding him. In town and country, in field and garden, there he is, always at home, everywhere the same bold, independent little fellow; though the town sparrow, especially the London one, seems to me a much more fearless bird than his country brother.

I regard the sparrow as one of my feathered friends; he does such good service in clearing the trees in my

garden of caterpillars and other insects. He cannot boast much beauty of plumage, with his modest brown suit of different shades, often rendered darker by the smoke of large towns; nor is he renowned for his powers of song, never treating us to anything beyond a chirp or a continued sort of chatter.

And yet he belongs to the same family of birds as the beautiful goldfinch, with its coat of black, scarlet, and gold, and its sweet song, something like the tones of a harp; the gay chaffinch, whose sprightly notes are so often heard in the spring time; the sweetly singing linnet; the piping bullfinch; the greenfinch; and the cross bill. The sparrow has many foreign relations too, such as the weaver-bird and the bobalink, and he may boast himself, if he likes, cousin to that domestic pet—the canary. All these different kinds of birds, the sparrow included, are said to be species of one large family called the finches.

Who does not know the sparrow's nest, found in all sorts of odd places? Under the sills or eaves of houses, among the thatch of cottages and barns, in the water-pipe, amongst the ivy that clothes the wall or tree, in holes in an old wall, in fir trees, attached to a rook's nest, in a deserted magpie's nest, on the brackets which support the roof of a railway station, under the arch over which the rumbling train continually passes—these and a hundred other sites, our little friend chooses for his dwelling-place. And what a mass of materials of all sorts he employs in the construction of his carelessly built nest—straw, and hay, and plenty of feathers, enough to fill a man's hat. The eggs—four to six in number—are white, speckled and spotted with ash-colour and dusky brown.

There is no doubt that the sparrows are very useful birds, though so many things have been said against them, that they have been destroyed in great numbers. 'Tis true he does help himself now and then to a little grain or fruit; but his good deeds, I am certain, far outweigh any harm he does. Indeed I look upon him as one of the most serviceable of birds. He destroys immense numbers of all sorts of insects that are injurious to our crops. It is said that a single pair of sparrows will, when feeding their young, kill more than 3,000 caterpillars, and a gentleman picked up below one nest 1,400 wing cases of the cockchafer. Surely then our friend the sparrow is worthy of being preserved and protected, instead of being so cruelly killed. In France, his brother sparrows—and indeed all small birds—are now protected by law. So many had been destroyed in that country that the insect pests increased to an enormous extent; and an inquiry being set on foot, it was proved that the sparrow and he alone could carry on the war successfully against the cockchafers and the thousand winged insects infesting the low countries.

There were no sparrows in Australia until the year 1862, when they were introduced to keep in check the insects, which so constantly threatened the destruction of the produce of the gardens: which office they successfully performed. It is not long since, too, that they were unknown in America. In the large cities of the United States, especially such as have their streets lined with 'shade trees,' insect-eating birds are much wanted, as during the summer these trees are completely covered with a species of insect called the 'span-worm.' These insects hang down by their long silken cords from the trees and swing themselves on the

clothes of the passengers to their great annoyance. To free themselves from such disagreeable pests the inhabitants of one of the largest cities of America actually imported a cargo of a thousand sparrows from our country. These birds were welcomed by everybody in the place; the mayor issued a proclamation when they were set free, calling upon all persons to join in protecting the little strangers. I have no doubt that, in a short time, the children over there will sing—

'Who killed the span-worm?
I said the sparrow;
With my bow and arrow,
I killed the span-worm.'

The saucy sparrow will sometimes take possession of the nest of the window swallow, or house martin, not with any view of making it his own residence, but it seems to me from a pure love of mischief. This is always done when the nest is empty. Just watch him sitting on the edge of the spout, looking as innocent as possible. The swallow below flies away from its newly-built home to stretch its wings. That instant, our sparrow, who has all the while been watching the swallow's movements out of the corner of his eye, flutters down chirping and chattering, pops into the nest, turns himself quickly round, and sits quietly with his head just peeping out of the opening. Imagine the astonishment and distress of the poor swallow on its return. It is said that the sparrow has sometimes been punished for this, by being plastered in the nest with mud by the angry owner and its friends; but this I have never seen done.

Our friend has a very near relative called the tree

sparrow, not so big as himself, and distinguished by its chestnut coloured head and neck. It builds its nest in pollard willows; its eggs are smaller than the house sparrow's, and it is not so impudent a bird as its cousin.

Boys, never kill or injure the sparrow! Think of his good services, and then I am sure you will do your best to protect him. Remember that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of our Heavenly Father; and that—

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast;
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, that loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

THE COLONISTS.

'COME,' said Mr. Barlow to his boys, 'I have a new play for you. I will be the founder of a colony; and you shall be people of different trades and professions coming to offer yourselves to go with me. What are you, *A*?'

A. I am a farmer, sir.

Mr. B. Very well! Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon, so we cannot have too much of it. But you must be a working farmer, not a gentleman farmer. Labourers will be scarce among us, and every man must put his own hand to the plough. There will be woods to clear and marshes to drain, and a great deal of stubborn work to do.

A. I shall be ready to do my part, sir.

Mr. B. Well then, I shall entertain you willingly, and as many more of your profession as you can bring. You shall have land enough, and implements; and you may fall to work as soon as you please. Now for the next.

B. I am a miller, sir.

Mr. B. A very useful trade! The corn we grow must be ground, or it will do us little good. But what will you do for a mill, my friend?

B. I suppose we must make one, sir.

Mr. B. True; but then you must bring with you a millwright for the purpose. As for millstones, we will take them out with us. Who is next?

C. I am a carpenter, sir.

Mr. B. The most necessary man that could offer! We shall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houses to build, fences to make, and all sorts of wooden furniture to provide. But our timber is all growing. You will have a deal of hard work to do in felling trees, and sawing planks, and shaping posts, and the like. You must be a field carpenter as well as a house carpenter.

C. I will, sir.

Mr. B. Very well; then I engage you; but you had better bring two or three able hands along with you.

D. I am a blacksmith, sir.

Mr. B. An excellent companion for the carpenter! We cannot do without either of you; so you may bring your great bellows and anvil, and we will set up a forge for you as soon as we arrive. But, by the by, we shall want a mason for that purpose.

E. I am one, sir.

Mr. B. That's well. Though we may live in log

houses at first, we shall want brick or stone work for chimneys, and hearths, and ovens, so there will be employment for a mason. But if you can make bricks and burn lime too, you will be still more useful.

E. I will try what I can do, sir.

Mr. B. No man can do more. I engage you. Who is next?

F. I am a shoemaker, sir.

Mr. B. And shoes we cannot well do without. But can you make them out of a raw hide? for I fear we shall get no leather.

F. But I can dress hides, too.

Mr. B. Can you? Then you are a clever fellow, and I will have you, though I give you double wages.

G. I am a tailor, sir.

Mr. B. Well—though it will be some time before we want holiday suits, yet we must not go naked; so there will be work for the tailor. But you are not above mending and patching, I hope, for we must not mind patched clothes while we work in the woods.

G. I am not, sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you.

H. I am a weaver, sir.

Mr. B. Weaving is a very useful art, but I question if we can find room for it in our colony for the present. We shall not grow either hemp or flax for some time to come, and it will be cheaper for us to import our cloth than to make it. In a few years, however, we may be very glad of you.

I. I am a silversmith and jeweller, sir.

Mr. B. Then, my friend, you cannot go to a worse place than a new colony to set up your trade in. You will break us, or we shall starve you.

J. But I understand clock and watch making, too.

Mr. B. That is somewhat more to our purpose, for we shall want to know how time goes. But I doubt we cannot give you sufficient encouragement for a long while to come. For the present, you had better stay where you are.

K. I am a barber and hairdresser, sir.

Mr. B. Alas, what can we do with you? If you will shave our men's rough beards once a week, and crop their hair once a quarter, and be content to help the carpenter, or follow the plough the rest of your time, we shall reward you accordingly. Your trade will not stand by itself with us for a great while to come.

L. I am a doctor, sir.

Mr. B. Then, sir, you are very welcome. Health is the first of blessings, and if you can give us that, you will be a valuable man, indeed. But I hope you understand surgery as well as physic, for we are likely enough to get cuts and bruises, and broken bones occasionally.

L. I have had experience in that branch too, sir.

Mr. B. And if you understand the nature of plants, and their uses both in medicine and diet, it will be a great addition to your usefulness.

L. Botany has been a favourite study with me, sir; and I have some knowledge of chemistry, and the other branches of natural history, too.

Mr. B. Then you will be a treasure to us, sir, and I shall be happy to make it worth your while to go with us.

M. I, sir, am a lawyer.

Mr. B. Sir, your most obedient servant. When we are rich enough to go to law, we will let you know.

N. I am a schoolmaster, sir.

Mr. B. That is a profession which I am sure I do not mean to undervalue; and as soon as ever we have young folk in our colony, we shall be glad of your services. Though we are to be hardworking, plain people, we do not intend to be ignorant, and we shall make it a point to have every one taught reading and writing, and the first rules of ciphering, at least. In the mean time, till we have employment enough for you in teaching, you may keep the accounts and records of the colony; and on Sunday you may read prayers to all those that choose to attend upon you.

N. With all my heart, sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you. Who comes here with so bold an air?

O. I am a soldier, sir; will you have me?

Mr. B. We are peaceable people, and I hope shall have no occasion to fight. We mean honestly to purchase our land from the natives, and to be just and fair in all our dealings with them. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, followed that plan; and, when the Indians were at war with all the other European settlers a person in a Quaker's habit might pass through all their most ferocious tribes without the least injury. It is my intention, however, to make all my colonists soldiers, so far as to be able to defend themselves if attacked, and that being the case, we shall have no need of *soldiers by trade.*

P. I am a gentleman, sir; and I have a great desire to accompany you, because I hear game is very plentiful in that country.

Mr. B. A gentleman! And what good will you do us, sir?

P. O, sir, that is not at all my object. I only mean to amuse myself.

Mr. B. But do you mean, sir, that we should pay for your amusement?

P. As to maintenance, I expect to be able to kill game enough for my own eating, with a little bread and garden stuff, which you will give me. Then I will be content with a house somewhat better than the common ones; and your barber shall be my valet; so I shall give very little trouble.

Mr. B. And pray, sir, what inducement can we have for doing all this for you?

P. Why, sir, you will have the credit of having *one gentleman* at least in your colony.

Mr. B. Ha, ha, ha! A facetious gentleman, truly! Well, sir, when we are ambitious of such a distinction, we will send for you.

SONG THRUSH.

The starting Thrush
Shook a white shower from the blackthorn bush,
Where dew-drops thick as early blossoms hung,
And trembled as the minstrel sweetly sung.

AMONG our feathered friends there is not one whose voice is more blithe and merry than that of the tuneful Song Thrush. Indeed of our larger singing birds, it is generally accounted the best. This bird is a great favourite with everyone, especially with all boys—and so it deserves to be. Long before the leaves clothe the forest boughs, or the primroses and violets spring out of their mossy beds, or the hedgerows put forth their buds, the Thrush's song may be heard, cheering us with its

delightful melody, and telling us that the glad spring-time of flowers and new life is coming again. And as the season advances, those who rise early may often hear him

> When, piping to the morn,
> He meets the bright sun o'er the lea
> With a flourish of his horn;

while at the close of the day, his delight seems to be

> To hop on his favourite bough and sing
> Where rich ruby sunsets gleam.

Nor does the cheerful song cease until it is nearly dark. Another reason why this bird is such a favourite is that, like its cousins the Blackbird and the Missel Thrush, it stays with us all the year round; not like its relations, the Redwing and the Fieldfare, which come over to this country in large flocks to spend the winter, and then, on the approach of spring, are off again across the wide, wide sea, to build their nests and sing their songs in the dense forests of Sweden, Norway, and Russia.

The Song Thrush, Throstle, or Mavis (for by all these names is it known) frequents small woods, plantations, and shrubberies; and it may constantly be observed hopping about, busily searching for food—especially morning and evening, or after a shower of rain—in the grassy meadows, in gardens, or on lawns. It builds very early in the year; so early, indeed, that the little young ones are frequently killed by the severity of the weather. The nest is generally placed in a thick bush, such as the laurel, hawthorn, holly, or furze; often in a hedge, or amongst ivy. The outside of the dwelling is composed of fine roots, twigs, and moss of various kinds;

the inside is a wonderfully smooth and compact coating of clay and rotten wood, so evenly spread and cemented that when finished and dried, it will, for a time, hold water. In this complete cup the eggs are laid, four or five in number, of a beautiful bright blue colour, with a few scattered black spots, which are more numerous towards the larger end.

Although the Song Thrush is usually a shy bird, there are exceptions. We are told of one which 'took a fancy to a man, persisted in following him about, and which used to sit on his shoulder and sing. By degrees it became accustomed to other persons, and would accompany its protector into the out-houses. It had a strange liking for steam, and was fond of perching on the edge of a washing tub, where it would sit and sing, although so enveloped in thick vapour as to be hardly visible.'*

The Song Thrush is rather clever in imitating either the notes and gestures of other birds, or the sounds of the flute. An instance is related of a Thrush which could sing the Robin's song perfectly, drooping its head and tail after the manner of that bird; and many stories are told of Thrushes having learnt to whistle short, simple tunes.

This bird is a great destroyer of snails; and its chosen home may often be seen strewed all around with fragments of the shells which it had broken according to its usual practice, by dashing them against the stone with its beak. It likewise devours vast numbers of insects, worms, and slugs; its industry and perseverance in this respect rendering it a most useful bird to the gardener, who too often repays its good services by killing it when

* Wood's *Illustrated Natural History.*

it helps itself to the fruit—especially the currants and cherries—which it has assisted in preserving.

A writer on birds relates the following anecdote:—'We observed,' says he, 'this summer, two common Thrushes frequenting the shrubs on the green in our garden. There was a friendship between them that called our attention to their actions. One of them seemed ailing, or feeble, from some accident; for though it hopped about, yet it appeared to be unable to obtain sufficient food. Its companion, an active, sprightly bird, would frequently bring it worms or bruised snails, when they mutually partook of the banquet; and the ailing bird would wait patiently, understand the actions, expect the assistance of the other, and advance to meet it on its approach. This was continued for some days; but after a time we missed the fostered bird, which probably had died, or met with some fatal accident.'

HO! BREAKERS ON THE WEATHER BOW.

Ho! breakers on the weather bow,
  And hissing white the sea;
Go, loose the top-sail, mariner,
  And set the helm a-lee:
And set the helm a-lee, my boys,
  And shift her while ye may;
Or not a living soul on board
  Will view the light of day.

Aloft the seamen daringly
  Shook out the rattling sail;
The danger fled—she leapt a-head,
  Like wild stag, through the gale:

Like wild stag through the gale, my boys,
All panting, as in fear,
And trembling, as her spirit knew
Destruction in the rear!

Now slacken speed—take wary heed—
All hands haul home the sheet;
To Him who saves, amidst the waves,
Let each their prayer repeat:
Let each their prayer repeat, my boys,
For but a moment's gain
Lay 'tween our breath and instant death
Within that howling main.

IT IS BETTER TO WORK THAN TO BEG.

A GENTLEMAN was once walking down one of the streets of P——, when a beggar loudly craved for a 'few coppers with which to procure a night's lodging.' The gentleman looked at the poor lad and enquired, 'Why do you not work? you should be ashamed of begging.'

'Oh, sir, I do not know where to get employment.'

'Nonsense!' replied the gentleman, 'you can work if you will. Now listen to me. I was once a beggar like you. A gentleman gave me a crown-piece, and said to me, "Work, and don't beg; God helps those who help themselves." I immediately left P——, and got out of the way of my old companions. I remembered the advice given me by my mother before she died, and I began to pray to God to keep me from sin, and to give me His help day by day. I went round to the houses in the country places, and, with part of my five shillings,

bought old rags. These I took to the paper mills and sold them at a profit. I was always willing to give a fair price for the things I bought, and did not try to sell them for more than they were worth. I determined to be honest, and God prospered me. My purchases and profits became larger and larger, and now I have more than *ten thousand crown pieces* that I can call my own.'

As the gentleman spoke, he took out his purse, and drew from it a five-shilling piece, and handing it to the astonished beggar, he said, 'Now you have the same chance of getting on in the world as I had. Go and work, and never let me see you begging again.'

Years passed away. The gentleman had forgotten the circumstance, until one day when travelling through P——, he entered a respectable bookseller's shop in order to purchase some books that he wanted.

He had not been many moments in conversation with the bookseller, before the latter, eagerly looking into the face of his customer, enquired, 'Sir, are you not the gentleman who, several years ago, gave a five-shilling piece to a poor beggar at the end of this street?'

'Yes; I remember it well.'

'Then, sir, this house, this well-stocked shop, is the fruit of that five-shilling piece.' Tears of gratitude trickled down his cheeks as he introduced the gentleman to his happy wife and children. He was regarded as their benefactor. The bookseller then recounted his history from the above eventful day. It was very similar to that of the welcome visitor. By industry, honesty, and dependence on God's help, he had risen step by step from buying rags to selling papers in the street, then to keeping an old book-shop, and at last to be owner of one of the best circulating libraries in the place.

When the gentleman bade him farewell, the bookseller said, 'Thank God, I have found your words to be true, "God helps those who help themselves." "*It is better to work than to beg.*"'

THE FARMER'S TALE;

OR, THAT WAY WON'T DO.

FARMER BROOKES was a free-spoken man of the old school. He wore a red waistcoat, always rose with the lark, worked as hard as any labourer on the farm, and never was absent from his pew on the Sabbath day. One day he had been engaged along with his men at sheep washing and shearing, down by the stream in the valley. On his return home in the evening, he, as usual, read a chapter from the large family Bible, and spent a short time in prayer. As the fire burned pleasantly, he began after supper to tell his children and grandchildren, who lived with him at the farm, the following tale.

'If my father had not taken me in hand when I was a youngster, I should have turned out a scapegrace. Mother (and a kinder woman never milked a cow or skimmed a cream-pan in a dairy) sadly let me have my own way; and so, being an only child, and a little weakly too, I got into a foolish habit of wishing, and hoping, and intending, instead of doing. It says in the Proverbs (xix. 15), "An idle soul shall suffer hunger," and I believe it. Idleness never answered, and never will, and least of all in the trade of a farmer.

'Well, as I said, my father took me in hand, and high time it was that he did. One day, as I looked up at

the pear tree that grew against the side of the house, "Mother," said I, "I wish I had that pear at the top there, for it is the finest on the tree." "Wish again," said my father, who, without my knowing it, happened to be within hearing; "wish again, Harry," said he; "but it's ten to one against your getting it by wishing for it; that way won't do." Saying this, he fetched the long ladder, and putting it against the house mounted it quickly, and brought down the pear. Away he went, eating the pear, and leaving me to profit by the example he had set me.

'A day or two after this, when I wanted to ride out on the pony, I said, "Mother, I hope Tom or Joe will come in soon, that they may saddle the pony for me." "At it again," said my father, who was standing near; "at it again; but it's my private opinion that your hoping will never get the saddle on his back. You must find out a better way of going to work; for that way won't do." He then walked straight to the stable, saddled the pony for himself, and setting off with him all at once in a canter, shouted out to me, "Try another way, Harry; for that way won't do."

'When night came, being fond of going a-mushrooming, I told mother, in the hearing of my father, that I intended to go to Low Meadow Field in the morning to get the mushrooms. When the morning came, however, I lay a-bed like a sluggard as I was; and, when I got up, dawdled away my time for an hour. At last I set off; but hardly had I walked a hundred yards before I met my father with a large basket heaped up to the very top. While I had been idling, he had gathered every mushroom in the field. "I thought how it would turn out," said he. "Intending to do a thing is all very well, so far

as it goes; but it must be followed up with something better. Another time, Harry, you must do something more than intend; for that way won't do."

'In the afternoon of the same day he took me out with him into the rick-yard. "Harry," said he in a kind way, "it may be God's will that, when I and your mother are gone, you may have to manage the farm yourself; now you will never be able to get on by wishing, and hoping, and intending; that way won't do, Harry.

'"Look at these hay-ricks. Do you think that by wishing I could ever have got them together? No! the scythe, and the hay-fork, and the rake, were set to work lustily. We were at it early and late, and made hay while the sun shone; and here the ricks are. Wishing is a bad trade—you must leave it off; that way won't do.

'"Look at these corn-stacks; there are no better in the parish: but how did they come here? It was not by hoping for them. We ploughed and we sowed. We set to work in earnest with the sickle. God, in His goodness, gave us seed-time and harvest, and the grain is now safely thatched in for the winter. You must leave off only hoping; for that way won't do.

'"Look at the sheep yonder, in the big turnip-field. There are twenty score of them, beside what are in the meadow and stubble-fields; but if I had only intended to see after them, I should never have seen such a flock on my farm. They have been tended, as you know, Harry, by night and by day, in summer and in winter. Do give your mind, then, there's a good lad, to working instead of wishing; and to setting a good example, instead of only hoping and intending. You have got into a bad way that won't do; once more let me tell you that you must leave it off, if you mean to prosper."

'My father, by the kind way in which he spoke to me, found the way to my heart, and I made up my mind that Harry Brookes should no longer be the sleepy, dawdling, idle, heavy-heeled boy that he had been. I left off wishing, and pulled off my coat to work, as my father had done before me. I was no longer satisfied with hoping for anything, or with intending to do a thing; but laboured bravely with heart and hand, until my father, before he died, saw in me a son that he was not ashamed of. God, of His goodness, has blessed me in my basket and my store, in my going out and my coming in; and I have reason, if any man in the world has, to cry out against giving way to idleness; for that won't do.

'More than fifty years have passed away since my boyish days; but often have I thought of my father getting the pear, saddling the pony, and gathering the mushrooms, as well as of his kind remarks about the hay-ricks, the corn-stacks, and the sheep in the turnip-field; and I have great reason to be thankful that God of His goodness moved my mind to attend to his words.

'But if wishing, and hoping, and intending, won't do for this world, it is not at all likely to do for the next. Sinners as we are, we can do nothing to save ourselves, and very little to honour Christ Jesus who died for us on the cross; but for all this, we are bound, looking to Him for His grace, to do all we can for His glory. An idle Christian is worse even than an idle farmer, and he has no more reason to expect to prosper without being in earnest, than the farmer has to expect to prosper without industry; for if it is said to the farmer, "Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds" (Prov. xxvii. 23); to the Christian it is

said, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation" (Matt. xxvi. 41); and, "Give diligence to make your calling and election sure" ' (2 Peter, i. 10).

Here farmer Brookes finished his tale by saying, 'The sum total of all I have told you is this,—Fall not into the habit of being idle, either in earthly or in heavenly things; for that habit is a bad habit, and that way won't do.'

FLYING AND SWIMMING.

'How I wish I could fly!' cried Robert, as he was gazing after his pigeons, that were exercising themselves in a morning's flight. 'How fine it must be to soar to such a height, and to dash through the air with so swift a motion!'

'I doubt not,' said his father, 'that the pigeons have great pleasure in it; but we have our pleasures too; and it is idle to indulge longings for things quite beyond our power.'

R. But do you think it is impossible for men to learn to fly?

F. I do—for I see they are not furnished by Nature with organs requisite for the purpose.

R. Might not artificial wings be contrived?

F. Possibly they might; but the difficulty would be to put them in motion. But you, that long to fly—consider if you have made use of all the faculties already given you! You want to subdue the element of air—what can you do with that of water? Can you swim?

R. No, not yet.

F. Your companion, Johnson, I think, can swim very well?

R. Yes.

F. Reflect, then, on the difference between him and you. A boat upsets with you both, in a deep stream. *You* plump at once to the bottom, and almost inevitably lose your life. *He* rises like a cork, darts away with the greatest ease, and reaches the shore in perfect safety. Both of you, pursued by a bull, come to the side of a river. *He* jumps in, and crosses it. *You* are drowned if you attempt it, and tossed by the bull if you do not. What an advantage he has over you! Yet you are furnished with exactly the same bodily powers that he is. How is this?

R. Because he has been taught, and I have not.

F. True—but it is an easy thing to learn, and requires no other instruction than boys can give one another, when they bathe together; so that I wonder anybody should neglect to acquire an art at once so agreeable and useful. The Romans used to say, by way of proverb, of a blockhead, 'He can neither read nor swim.'

R. I should like very well to swim, and I have often tried, but I always pop under water, and that frightens me.

F. And it is that fear which prevents you from succeeding.

R. But is it as natural for man to swim as for other creatures? I have heard that the young of all other animals swim the first time they are thrown into the water.

F. They do—they are without fear. In our climate, the water is generally cold, and is early made an object of terror. But in hot countries, where bathing is one of the greatest of pleasures, children swim so early and well, that I should suppose they take to it almost naturally.

R. I am resolved to learn, and I will ask Johnson to take me with him to the river.

F. Do; but let him find you a safe place to begin at. I don't want you, however, to proceed so cautiously as Sir Nicholas Gimcrack did.

R. How was that, father?

F. He spread himself out on a large table, and, placing before him a basin of water with a frog in it, he struck out with his arms and legs, as he observed the animal do.

R. And did that teach him?

F. Yes—to swim on dry land; but he never ventured himself in the water.

R. Shall I get corks or bladders?

F. No; learn to depend on your own powers. It is a good lesson in other things, as well as in swimming. But corks or bladders, if accidentally allowed to get out of their proper position, are very dangerous, and have occasioned the loss of many lives.

CASABIANCA.

In the battle of the Nile the French ship, L'Orient, caught fire and exploded. Casabianca was the son of the French Admiral. He remained at his post in obedience to the orders of his father, and so perished.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame, that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him—o'er the dead.
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form!

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;—
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud: 'Say, father! say,
If yet my task is done?'—
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

'Speak, father!' once again he cried,
'If I may yet be gone!
And'—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
'My father! must I stay?'
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way:
They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound,—
The boy!—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young faithful heart!

ANECDOTES OF ROBERT BRUCE.

At one time, a near relation of Bruce's, in whom he entirely confided, was induced by bribes to attempt to put him to death. This villain, with his two sons, watched the king one morning till he saw him separated from all his attendants, excepting a little boy, who waited on him as a page. The father had a sword in his hand, one of the sons had a sword and a spear, the other had a sword and a battle-axe. Now, when the king saw them so well armed when there were no enemies near, he began to call to mind some hints which had been given to him that these men intended to murder him. He had no weapons excepting his sword; but his page had a bow and arrow. He took them both from the little boy, and bade him stand at a distance; 'for,' said the king, 'if I overcome these traitors, thou shalt have enough of weapons; but if I am slain by them, you may make your escape, and tell Douglas and my brother to revenge my death.' The boy was very sorry, for he loved his master; but he was obliged to do as he was bidden.

In the meantime the traitors came forward upon Bruce, that they might assault him at once. The king called out to them and commanded them to come no nearer upon peril of their lives; but the father answered with flattering words, pretending great kindness, and still continuing to approach his person. Then the king again called to them to stand. 'Traitors,' said he, 'ye have sold my life for gold, but you shall die if you come one foot nearer to me.' With that he bent the page's bow; and as the old conspirator continued to advance, he let the arrow fly at him. Bruce was an excellent

archer; he aimed his arrow so well, that it hit the father in the eye and penetrated into his brain, so that he fell down dead. Then the two sons rushed on the king. One of them aimed a blow at him with an axe, but missed his stroke, and stumbled so that the king, with his great sword, cut him down before he could recover his feet. The remaining traitor ran on Bruce with his spear; but the king, with a sweep of his sword, cut the steel head off the villain's weapon, and then killed him before he had time to draw his sword. Then the little page came running, very joyful of his master's victory; and the king wiped his bloody sword, and, looking upon the dead bodies, said, 'These might have been reputed three gallant men if they could have resisted the temptation of covetousness.'

After the death of these three traitors, Robert the Bruce continued to keep himself concealed in his own earldom of Carrick and in the neighbouring country of Galloway, until he should have matters ready for a general attack upon his enemies. He was obliged, in the meantime, to keep very few men with him, both for the sake of secrecy and from the difficulty of finding provisions. Now many of the people of Galloway were unfriendly to Bruce. They lived under the government of one M'Dougal, related to the Lord of Lorn, who had defeated Bruce at Dalry, and very nearly killed or made him prisoner. These Galloway men had heard that Bruce was in their country, having no more than sixty men with him; so they resolved to attack him by surprise, and for this purpose they got 200 men together, and brought with them two or three bloodhounds. These animals were trained to chase a man by the scent of his footsteps, as foxhounds chase a fox. Although the dog

does not see the person whose trace he is put upon, he follows him over every step he has taken. At that time these bloodhounds, or sleuthhounds, were used for the purpose of pursuing great criminals. The men of Galloway thought themselves secure, that if they missed taking Bruce or killing him at the first onset, and if he should escape into the woods, they would find him out by means of these bloodhounds.

The good King Robert Bruce, who was always watchful and vigilant, had received some information of the intention of this party to come upon him suddenly and by night. Accordingly, he quartered his little troop of sixty men on the side of a deep and swift-running river, that had very steep and rocky banks. There was but one ford by which this river could be crossed in that neighbourhood, and that ford was deep and narrow, so that two men could scarcely get through abreast; the ground on which they were to land on the side where the king was, was steep, and the path which led upwards from the water's edge to the top of the bank extremely narrow and difficult.

Bruce caused his men to lie down to take some sleep, at a place about half a mile distant from the river, while he himself, with two attendants, went down to watch the ford, through which the enemy must needs pass before they could come to the place where King Robert's men were lying. He stood for some time looking at the ford, and thinking how easily the enemy might be kept from passing there, providing it was bravely defended, when he heard at a distance the baying of a hound, which was always coming nearer and nearer. This was the bloodhound which was tracing the king's steps to the ford where he had crossed, and the 200 Galloway

men were along with the animal, and guided by it. Bruce at first thought of going back to awake his men; but then he reflected that it might be only some shepherd's dog. 'My men,' he said, 'are sorely tried: I will not disturb their sleep for the yelping of a cur, till I know something more of the matter.' So he stood and listened, and by and by, as the cry of the hound came nearer, he began to hear a trampling of horses, and the voices of men, and the ringing and clattering of armour, and then he was sure the enemy were coming to the river side. Then the king thought, 'If I go back to give my men the alarm, these Galloway men will get through the ford without opposition, and that would be a pity, since it is a place so advantageous to make defence against them.' So he looked again at the steep path and the deep river, and he thought that they gave him so much advantage that he himself could defend the passage with his own hand until his men came to assist him. His armour was so good and strong, that he had no fear of arrows, and therefore the combat was not so very unequal as it must have otherwise been. He therefore sent his followers to waken his men, and remained alone by the bank of the river.

In the meanwhile, the noise and trampling of the horses increased; and, the moon being bright, Bruce beheld the glancing arms of the 200 men, who came down to the opposite bank of the river. The men of Galloway, on their part, saw but one solitary figure guarding the ford, and the foremost of them plunged into the river without minding him. But as they could only pass the ford one by one, the Bruce, who stood high above them on the bank where they were to land, killed the foremost man with a thrust of his long spear,

and with a second thrust stabbed the horse, which fell down, kicking and plunging in his agonies, on the narrow path, and so prevented the others who were following from getting out of the river. Bruce had thus an opportunity of dealing his blows at pleasure among them, while they could not strike at him again. In the confusion five or six of the enemy were slain, or, having been borne down the current, were drowned in the river. The rest were terrified and drew back.

But when the Galloway men looked again and saw they were only opposed by one man, they themselves being so many, they cried out that their honour would be lost for ever if they did not force their way, and encouraged each other, with loud cries, to plunge through and assault him. But by this time the king's soldiers came up to his assistance, and the Galloway men retreated, and gave up their enterprise.

SHIPS.

THERE are few finer sights on a bright summer's day than a ship under full sail, 'riding the water like a thing of life.'

Most boys are fond of ships; a fact of which the owners of toy-shops are aware, judging from the number of vessels of various sizes exposed for sale in their windows. But a boy is often clever enough to carve a boat for himself out of a lump of wood, with no better tool than his trusty old pocket-knife; and proud he is when his little bark is ready for the launch. Away he goes—most probably accompanied by a group of admiring companions—to some well-known neighbouring stream or

pond, and his happiness is complete when he sees that his efforts have been crowned with success, and his small vessel dances along the surface, and nods to every ripple, of the water.

The English are quite a ship-building people; so are the Americans, who try hard to beat us in this respect. Our ships are known as the 'wooden walls of old England,' which have defied all our foes, though now-a-days our war vessels have a coating of iron, and are for that reason termed iron-clads. By means of ships we trade with other nations of the world; so that we should, indeed, be badly off without them.

It is said that a split reed floating on the water first suggested the idea of a boat or canoe; and that we owe the use of the sail to the example of that curious fish, the nautilus. It is, however, probable that before the boat was fashioned a raft formed of logs of wood bound together was made use of.

Curious looking specimens the first ships must have been; but they were, doubtless, rapidly improved both in shape and sailing power. The Ancient Britons used to navigate the inland waters of this island in boats made of osier wicker-work, covered with the skins of animals taken in the chase. Such vessels were, of course, useless for defending the coasts, and were not to be compared to the handsome galleys in which the invading Romans came over under Julius Cæsar. The Romans, indeed, were proud of their success at sea, and boasted themselves masters of the ocean; though their largest vessels would have looked small by the side of one of our ordinary river steamboats.

An ancient ship of war was nothing more than a large open boat, propelled by means of oars: at one end it carried a sail, which was hoisted only when the wind

was favourable. A ship of this kind never ventured far out to sea; no one would have liked to cross the Atlantic in such a vessel. It was a fleet of these ships which was sent under the command of a Roman General Carausius, in A.D. 288, to defend the coasts of Britain from the ravages of the Saxon and Danish pirates.

The first of our kings who caused a navy to be built in England was Alfred the Great. He resolved to meet his enemies, the invading Danes—sea-kings as they were—upon their own element. Round the coast, therefore, he placed his 150 galleys—each large enough to contain fifty rowers, besides fighting men and those whose business it was to board the enemy's vessels. This fleet was strengthened by Alfred's successors, but when the fear of the Danes ceased, it was no longer properly maintained.

William the Conqueror's fleet, for the purpose of conveying his soldiers to England, consisted of 3,000 vessels of all sizes. In the reign of Richard the Lion-hearted an armament was fitted out, and sailed under the command of the king himself to Palestine. We read, too, how Edward III. directed a fleet in person, and defeated the French; and of 400 English ships in Henry V.'s time attacking, and after a fierce engagement gaining the victory over, the French before Harfleur. But not till the reign of Henry VIII. was the royal navy really founded, and then the service of the sea became a profession. In the time of Elizabeth our British seamen were known all over the world as most fearless and daring. The names of such sea captains as Frobisher, Hawkins, Drake, and Sir Walter Raleigh, and their brave adventures, will ever be famous in our history. The total defeat of the Spanish Armada showed that then 'Britannia ruled the waves,' and ever since she has

maintained her power on the sea. From that time ship-building has made great progress; and as a nation we are justly proud of our noble fleets of war and merchant vessels, and that the English flag is known and respected in every quarter of the globe.

SHIPS (*continued*).

THE BUILDING OF A SHIP.

When a ship is being constructed, it is supported by poles, and surrounded by scaffolding to keep it upright during its progress.

The best woods for ship-building are oak, pine, teak, elm, and beech; but whichever is used must be well-seasoned. A few years ago the trees chosen for the construction of a vessel were growing in their native forests. I do not suppose that any boy who has seen a squirrel running about the woods in Autumn, gathering and burying acorns for its winter store, has ever thought that so small a creature might thus be planting the timber for so great a work as a ship. You will readily understand that such is the case when I tell you that some of the acorns hidden by our little brown friend are left and forgotten in the holes he has dug for them. By and by there springs up from each of these acorns a plant—at first a tiny bough, but which in time becomes a stout oak-tree.

The oak-tree was an acorn once,
  Buried in the earth,
And sun and showers nourished it,
  And gave the oak-tree birth.

The little sprouting oak-tree!
  Two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and showers nourished it;
  Then out the branches burst.

. . . . . .

The little sapling oak-tree!
Its root was like a thread,
Till the kindly earth had nourished it,
Then out it freely spread.

The winds came and the rains fell,
The gusty tempest blew;
All, all were friends to the oak-tree,
And stronger yet it grew.

The boy that saw the acorn hid,
He feeble grew and gray,
But the oak was still a thriving tree,
And strengthened every day.

For centuries grows the oak-tree,
Nor doth its verdure fail;
Its heart is like the iron-wood,
Its bark like plated mail.

When sufficiently large, the oak is felled, stripped of its bark, dried, and finds its way into the shipwright's yard to help in the building of a ship,—

Now cut us down the oak-tree,
The monarch of the wood,
And of its timber, stout and strong,
We'll build a vessel good.

In building a ship, drawings are first made upon paper, in which all the parts of the vessel are correctly described. From these drawings the parts are chalked out on the floor of a large room, exactly the size they are intended to be when the vessel is completed. According to this pattern the workmen saw and chop the timber into the required shapes, and then the building commences.

Go into a ship-yard, and you will be surprised what an immense quantity of timber is required to make a ship; such huge planks and beams, bolted and nailed, and fastened so securely together that one would think

they could never come asunder; and yet, in spite of their immense strength, they are sometimes broken up into splinters by the forces of the wind and waves.

The keel is first laid down. (The keel is the long ridge of timber extending the whole length of the bottom of a ship.) As soon, then, as that has been fixed in its proper position, the long, bent timbers called ribs are arranged to form the sides, planks are securely bolted to the ribs, the seams between the planks are filled up with oakum dipped in tar or pitch, and the whole is then coated with tar, and sheathed with plates of copper, to keep the vessel secure from water, to prevent the wood from rotting, and to preserve it from the attacks of the woodworm, which eats its way into and through the planks. When what is called the 'hull' of the vessel is completed, the internal fittings are prepared and fixed in their places; the ship is then ready for the launch. As soon as this is done, the rudder, or helm, is *shipped*, the masts are set, and the ship rigged with her sails and tackle. To tell the names and different uses of all the sails, ropes, &c., would require a long time.

The building of a large ship affords employment to hundreds of men and boys. Go round the yard when you are there, and you will see plenty of bustle and life. Carpenters, joiners, sawyers, blacksmiths, turners, plumbers, painters, glaziers, sail-makers, rope-makers, and a variety of other trades are all necessary before even the smallest of ships is ready to be put to sea,—

> The oak-tree of the forest
> Both east and west shall fly,
> And the blessings of far distant lands
> Upon our ship shall lie.

THE WEAVER'S SONG.

WEAVE, brothers, weave! Swiftly throw
The shuttle athwart the loom,
And show us how brightly your flowers grow,
That have beauty but no perfume!
Come, show us the rose, with a hundred dyes,
The lily, that hath no spot;
The violet, deep as your true love's eyes,
And the little forget-me-not!
Sing—sing, brothers, weave and sing!
'Tis good both to sing and to weave;
'Tis better to work than to live idle:
'Tis better to sing than to grieve.

Weave, brothers, weave! Weave and bid
The colours of sunset glow!
Let grace in each gliding thread be hid!
Let beauty about you blow!
Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,
And your hands both firm and sure;
And time nor chance shall your work untwine,
But all—like a truth—endure!
Sing—sing, brothers, &c.

Weave, brothers, weave!—toil is ours;
But toil is the lot of men:
One gathers the fruit, one gathers the flowers,
One soweth the seed again!
There is not a creature, from England's king,
To the peasant that delves the soil,
That knows half the pleasures the seasons bring,
If he have not his share of toil!
So sing, brothers, &c.

Spottiswoode & Co., Printers, New-street Square, London.